



THE  
**LAMBETH COUNCIL**

FULLY SET FORTH AND DESCRIBED,

BY

**REV. BALAAM HOWLER, A.M., D.D.**

*Врек kek, kek, kek ! коах ! коах !—Aristophanes in Ran.*

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EDITED BY FR. GRAHAM.

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**PRICE, 30 Cents.**

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MONTREAL.

1879.



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## PREFACE.

The following full account of the interesting and important series of conferences which took place at the Lambeth Council will, I am sure, prove very acceptable to Christians of every form, sound and color of opinion, always excepting the Papists. All sects scattered throughout the earth look up to England's Established Church as their guide, philosopher and friend. The reason is two-fold: 1o. The innate loveliness and authoritative unity of Anglican Protestantism, and 2o. Because our Church is part and parcel of that vast State machinery which follows the sun round about the globe.

The difference between the ushering in, the continuation and conclusion of our Lambeth Conference and the Vatican Council must strike forcibly every impartial reader of the following pages. The Romans disturbed civilization as we moderns conceive it, by the terrible Syllabus, set the independent forces of free thought shouting ten thousand alarms, shocked monarchs upon their thrones, shook States to their very foundations, perplexed cabinet ministers and governments, struck a staggering blow at the progress of the age, and manifested clearly to the earth that though all should change and shape their policy to suit the times, the Roman Church would stand as immovable in her old dogmas and discipline as the Rock of Gibraltar.

The Lambeth Council, on the contrary, hardly disturbed the columns of the most obscure country newspaper. Modern thought is so sure of the support of the establishment, that it never notices her at all. Moreover, we possess one immense advantage over our ancient enemy, in that we belong to the world and, therefore, do not stand isolated from the tendencies of the age—do not resist them—but wisely bend to the storm, and, not being able to lead, submissively follow the march of modern intellect. This is the reason why sunshine pours down upon our Anglican Protestantism, whilst the pitiless fury of the storm is beating upon the haughty battlements of Rome.

There is nothing more delightful under the sun than to study the beautiful consistency which characterizes the history of Anglican Protestantism. The godly Henry VIII and his illustrious left-handed offspring, Elizabeth, stand for all time on a par with Luther, Calvin, Zwinglius and the rest of those sublime champions of virtue and truth, who saved us from midnight vigils, maceration of the flesh, self-repression and lengthy prayers. No man can question for a moment the high moral gifts of Henry and Elizabeth. A little bluntness on his part, an amiable friskiness on hers, add to rather than detract from their pious worth. We must admit, of course, a little inconsistency about Henry

VIII in retaining several Popish doctrines, and burning Reformers and Papists at the same stake. But we must remember that he was the pioneer and exemplar of Anglican Protestantism, and consequently carried away from Egypt some questionable spoils. We had not fixed upon any definite plan of religious belief in his time, and, therefore, a little cloudiness in doctrine was quite pardonable. Our Anglican forefathers had to watch the tendencies of popular thought in their times, in order to modify dogmas and morals to suit the exigencies of the hour. The Constitution of England is of a thousand years' growth; could it be fairly expected that an ecclesiastical constitution could be conceived and framed in a single reign? Here lies the explanation of those continual mutations in dogma and practice observable during the first years of Anglican Protestantism. Henry VIII had one creed, Edward, another; Elizabeth, a third; Cranmer, a fourth; Somerset, a fifth; Charles I, an anomalous sixth, Cromwell, a seventh; William III, a negative eight, and, strange to say, though these creeds were essentially antagonistic, they were all of the spirit and charmingly true. We—happy we—inherit a religion which may be called eclectic, for Anglican Protestantism is made up of odds and ends of every kind of religious opinion. We inherit, in short, the wisdom of our progenitors. Considering the elements which enter into our Church, I am astonished, not that High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, No Church struggle polemically for superiority within the bosom of Anglican Protestantism, but that there are not a thousand other shades flitting across our motley chancel. There is a magnificent adaptability about our Church; no religious theory but finds its natural place within her elastic bosom. If you allege dissent, I say that dissent proves my position. Dissent is a ragged plebeian; we are aristocrats, and respectability is the chief dogma of Anglicanism. We did not reject dissent because it *was* dissent, but because it was low. Gentlemen educated at universities, with privileges of tacking fragments of the alphabet after their names, are not supposed to disturb the calm equanimity of high-toned existence by noticing hob-nailed Hodge's religious views. It is of infinite indifference to us whether hob-nailed Hodge the Dissenter be in the right or wrong, whether he go to the devil or not. Anglican Protestantism was instituted for the gentry, and her aim from the beginning has been to keep as far as possible from the rusty mob. And for this she should be commended, at least in this age, when democratic ideas are turning society topsyturvy. For my part, I do not believe that true religion is compatible with a ragged coat and an empty pocket.

If Rome were a little more exclusive, we might consider her claims more seriously, but what gentleman, with common self-respect, could turn to a church which permits a foul plebeian to kneel side by side with a knight, or an earl!! or even *horresco referens!* a duke!!! This equality before the church is simply disgusting. Instead of making religion comfortable, and a lever for social elevation, Rome laughs at forms and warns even the sacred

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ers and Papists majesty of kings that a beggar's mantle may cover a better and greater man than the purple of imperial Cesar! How nobly superior are *we* to all this! Let our minister quote a false quantity in Latin or Greek, or blunder as to his English in the sermon, and behold! a congregation of critics assail the unfortunate delinquent! I mention these things to show, as I have observed, our exquisite adaptability to the spirit of the age. Respectability, position and wealth are sought by all, and the immortal success of our Anglican Protestantism is because our church is in harmony with the aforesaid *desideranda*! This is a secret that Rome never learned, and, hence, we see her to-day despised and assaulted by the respectability, position and wealth of the world.

Rome boasts of her learning, and, we doubt not, she *does* know a few trifles, owing to her lengthened experience, but I fearlessly asseverate that never in the solemn march of history was there an assembly more learned in the ways of the world than the assembly which has just departed from Lambeth. There was not one prelate there, except, perhaps, the Yankees, who had not written more than one delicious tract about pious washerwomen, converted coal heavers and reformed no-better-than she-ought-to-bes. They were great missionaries, using, as a means of salvation, that two-fold rule of Anglican faith, BIBLE and SOUP! They were stern magistrates, especially prominent in that vital obligation incumbent upon all British justices of the peace, of "putting down" somebody or something, and incarcerating for terms somewhat shorter than the years of their natural lives atrocious small boys who dared, feloniously and of malice aforethought, not having the fear of Her Majesty the Queen before their eyes, to purloin an apple from the gentry. They were noble philanthropists, who did everything for poor-houses and hospitals, except to visit them. They were husbands and fathers, whose devotion to wife and children was such that Sunday services were left to crude and callow curates just fresh from the boxing bouts, boat racing and tumultuous conviviality of Oxon and Cam., by which holiness of life is nourished and tempered to perfection. They were Apostles with a keen eye to the market matrimonial, who transfixed presumptuous young clergymen with an eye fraught with arctic wilds and ghostly ice-bbergs, muttering the while something about "silly creatuaws" and "froward eads." And why should they not, when there was not one amongst them who could not dowry his daughter with hundreds of thousands of dollars. A beggar with an education has to bear a double burden; and a minister without money is a loathsome paradox in the Anglican system. He is out of harmony with his surroundings; he is financially and socially insane.

Now, it is obvious that a meeting of such men was eminently conducive of a great moral and religious triumph. And a great triumph the Lambeth Conference was. It is true, no immediate catachlysm followed the promulgation of its first decrees, but the following fuller account will, I have no doubt, shed light serene upon the chaos of events, and cause the world to stand agape, like a man who has just seen a ghost. It is a grievous pity that the Lambeth

Conference had not been held before the Vatican Council, for the Romans are shrewdly cognizant of their own interests, and would, of course, have embodied our clear and definite conclusions into their puny decrees. A copy of this work has been sent to Pope Leo XIII, and we are awaiting anxiously the most stupendous results. But, not to put your patience to too great a test, kind reader, I shall here pause and let the fathers speak for themselves. If I fail (*quod Jupiter omen avertat !*) it is my proper fault, not the Council's.

THE EDITOR.

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EDITOR.

**The Great and Manifest General, Universal, Ecumenical  
and United Pan-Anglican Gathering of Gentlemen  
calling themselves BISHOPS, by the Grace of  
Victoria R., and an Act of Parliament!!!**

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BY ONE OF THE SECRETARIES, HIS REVERENCE BALAAM  
HOWLER, M.A., L.L.D., PH.D., &C.

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"Ο ξεν βασιλευ! τες λεπτοτες των φρενων αυτων / Jove! What clever fellows!"

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**CHAPTER I.**

**WHICH IS INTRODUCTORY.**

As is well known, the world lately has been moved to its innermost depths. A great moral engine has been—to use a common metaphor—getting up steam, and furbishing its armor for a sublime manifestation of that in-dwelling spirit which scorneth Popery, and reacheth unto the four quarters of the globe, with flannel jackets and moral handkerchiefs.

Scoffers have been vainquished and put to flight; nay, like that truculent giant, Goliath, they have been hewed and hacked by their own weapons. That moral engine is the Anglican Church.

Never, since the Tower of Babel, has the world witnessed such a spectacle as that presented by the Ecumenico-Pan-General-Universal-Anglican Synod. Such unanimity. Such brotherly love. Such an absence of doctrine, and, therefore, happily, of doctrinal disputes. Such sweetness of purpose in agreeing to disagree, like christians. Such a happy avoidance of the High Church Scylla, that the Low Church Charybdis might be escaped. Such a glorious enunciation of so many opinions and views as there were bishops, on all possible subjects, and yet without infringing upon the beautiful boundaries of brotherly love and evangelical artlessness! Dissenters are in despair, and Popery rolls on the ground, tears her hair, and howls.

At the request of many of the venerable fathers, I have undertaken the pleasing, though difficult, task of recording the labors of the Synod, and fixing, in permanent form, those sapient canons and wise discussions which shall remain, for all time, the very basis and foundation of Gospel Christianity and moral perfection. Far be it from me to hold the vain conceit of being competent for so prodigious a task; but my intentions are virtuous, and my zeal unstained by self-seeking, or the mercenary desire of filthy lucre. Nevertheless, truth, blessed truth, compels me to say that this modest history may be had at all evangelical booksellers for twenty-five cents a copy, and many holy, far-seeing gentlemen have prognosticated an immense sale thereof, which prophecy pleaseth the flesh, and developeth, to the uttermost, Gospel enthusiasm. For what sayeth Paul? "He who serveth the altar should live by the altar."

If any man should ask me this question: "Brother Howler, why the Lambeth Conference?" I should, perhaps, be non-plussed for a categorical answer, because, in the higher regions of morals, there are questions which do not belong to a plodding, every-day intelligence to answer; they must be left to archbishops, bishops, deans, and other dignitaries, whose very office supposes Alpine, nay, Himalayan heights of wisdom inaccessible to mere cyphers and nobodies of the body ecclesiastic. Thus reasoning, I should look upon such questions as the acme of inquisitiveness,—an intrusion of riotous thought into a Holy of Holies, not to be investigated by lawless whys and wherefores. Where would Protestantism be, if we answered every "why" proffered by spies and interlopers? There is a great deal of vice in a "Why,"—a very uncomfortable, un-evangelical, meddling, Paul Pry of a word,—intolerable to the aforesaid Alpine regions of vital Christianity and Protestant opinion.

However, if any man should think fit to persist in shooting forth his lip, and scorning any evasion—a course, I grieve to say, much followed by our enemies,—should thunder out "why?" again, I should say unto such a one (in the language of the ancients): "*Circumspice!*" Look about thee, brother, and see the clouds, and the specters, and the shapes that seethe and boil and gyrate on all sides. There is Socialism, a bloody monster, armed with dagger and torch; there is Republicanism, that fretteth the golden rim of many a kingly brow! there is Atheism, doubled up, worshipping its own black shadow,—and there! *O there!* is POPERY "furbishing up the rusty weapons of the past"—(so sayeth Gladstone, our love for whom is adulterated by Disestablishment Bitters)—and gloating horribly over the decadence of evangelical religion.

The sole object, then, of our late sublime exhibition of Pro-

hers, I have testant unity and efficacious rule, was to withstand Popery, and  
 according to strike a blow at her pretensions. As her Council of the Vatican  
 those sapient—a very trivial affair, I must say, compared with Lambeth Con-  
 all time, the ference—presumed to usurp the precious prerogatives of Her  
 Majesty and Parliament, and actually dared to formulate doc-  
 ceit of being trines,—frame canons—and establish them as binding Christians  
 ions are vir—under penalty of anathema,—was it not fitting that the Anglican  
 e mercenary Church should remedy the scandal by manifesting to the world  
 with, compels that meek submission to the Crown and Legislature,—that  
 evangelical abject obedience to the statutes of the beloved Establishment,—  
 y holy, far—that freedom from any rebellious inclination in our bishops to  
 sale thereof, make canons, or the people to obey them, which is our proudest  
 to the utter, boast,—the palladium of our civil and religious liberties as mem-  
 “He who bers of the Anglo-Saxon race, and in noble contrast to the  
 arrogant claims of the Church of Rome? Is it not a source of  
 joyful congratulation to every evangelical bosom, that the Angli-  
 can Church has always been true to her mission of setting forth,  
 expounding and defending the British Constitution, the Protestant  
 Succession, the House of Hanover, the prerogatives of the clergy  
 and the vested rights of the aristocracy. Had we the old  
 Roman Church influence in our midst to-day, how miserable  
 would be our plight? No sinecures, no rights feudal, no excellent  
 work-houses, no Hanoverian heads in Church or State, no money  
 despotism, no wives for the clergy (save us and keep us!), no  
 household darlings to dandle upon apostolic knees, no domestic  
 comforts and wedded joys, no British enlightenment generally.  
 The Popish system actually withstood kings and queens and  
 royal personages! I speak it with bated breath: that Church  
 sometimes told the people that their ruler was a tyrant and an  
 ass, and even went so far as to send him packing, and suggest an  
 honest chief magistrate in place of the poor rejected monarch!  
 Now, this is no laughing matter—this is no subject for superficial  
 enquiry—this is, in short, a matter for tears. See, on the other  
 hand, to what a position of ennobling civilization Protestantism  
 has brought the world. Did we ever depose kings and send them  
 to do penance for their crimes in quiet monasteries? I rather  
 think not. We simply conspired in secret and killed them, not  
 through murderous hate, but as an example to others. In our  
 times, we observe monarchs dodging behind whole regiments  
 for protection, and seeing a pistol behind every bush. You may  
 say that this is bad, but even such a state of things is immensely  
 superior to the Popish plan, for, though these kings may be  
 perforated with a bullet, or punctured with a knife, they die as  
 monarchs, with crown, scepter, robes and laurels intact. Just  
 like those old Roman senators, who awaited their barbarian des-  
 troysers arrayed in all the impressive insignia of their high office.

For my part, I should be willing to be shot, if I could be a *bonafide* king for one day. So, what have these threatened rulers to complain of? The superiority of the nineteenth to the thirteenth century, with respect to kings, is as pleasant as it is suggestive. Kings, above all others, should bless the glorious Reformation for the change gave them a short shrift instead of a long penance. And, I doubt not, but this was the reason why kings applauded and protected that mighty uprising of human reason against divine authority, to which Papists cling with such absurd tenacity.

Have I made myself sufficiently clear on this point or not? What I mean to say is, that inasmuch as the Roman Church has had a Council, which has caused trouble and perplexity to Canterbury and Windsor among all nations, we, of the Church Anglican, *plus* Evangelical, have stepped into the arena with a Synod Pan and Anglican, which Græco-Romano-Saxon title sheweth clearly the catholicity of our church, and the hoary antiquity of protest in general. For, from Eden to Oxford, from Genesis to Geneva, protest has been the prominent feature of the opposition. We are proud of our Protestantism, and each Synod, or Pan-Anglican, corroborates all that has ever been said or written of the noble freedom bestowed upon human reason by independent dogmas in every age. Behold! a profound reason for the late Pan-Strangling, I mean Anglican, Council. It affords a striking contrast to the Vatican affair. The world observes the facts and applauds. Mark well the reason why.

The Popish prelates went to Rome acknowledging authority; ours approached Lambeth majestically superior to all authority. We, too, can boast of a *nirvana*, a self-god, which neither sees nor admits anything above the Me. In fact, Luther and Sakya Mouni only differ in terms; in fundamentals, they agree. Is it not beautiful to see the East and West clasping hands over the chasm of centuries, and thus proving, in spite of Popery, the catholicity of protest. O, let us be joyful!

Now, the fact that our bishops acknowledge no authority, which they are bound to obey, saves our church from disputes, and our theology from the cumbrous load of canons observable in the Roman system. This is a great advantage for our theological students, enabling them to devote their time to athletic pursuits very favorable to muscular christianity. Our church is truly that daughter of kings "clothed with variety." Every diocese has its own views, and thus, like musical notes, a combination of different tones or opinions produces sweet harmony.

Perhaps some ill-advised scoffers may say there is inconvenience and contradiction between formulas of union, and the independence *in individuo*, which may be productive of no end

ould be a *bona fide* sarcasm among the Philistines, *id est*, the Romans. But, in order to answer this objection—which I notice with contempt—we must rise to that broad atmosphere which spreads beyond the petty limits of ordinary questions, where, free from the trammels of authority, vistas of evangelical liberty disclose themselves to the pious eye. Once touch that ethereal sphere, and you will learn how perfectly consistent is Protestant doctrine, and how marvellously adjusted are all the parts of the evangelical machine one to another. For instance, take these contradictory propositions: “God exists.” “God does not exist.” You must admit that these propositions are clearly defined and definite antagonisms. Nevertheless, they are permitted to exist together high up in the calm region of evangelical liberty aforesaid, without fear of anathema or other Vatican thunders. This is a legitimate result of the charming symmetry of the Anglican system. Rome boasts of unity—Lambeth of elasticity. Every man who stands by Rome and enlists under her banner must wear the same uniform, but Protestantism loves a motley crew, different in colors and discordant of voice. But, even as a crow and a white eagle shall present a similar color high up in air, so doth the Anglican or Legislative Protestantism look as well as the best, when she mounts her evangelical chariot and soars upwards—out of sight.

The great question, the burning, urgent crisis of our times, the chiefest motive for the late illustrious Lambeth gathering, referred neither to faith or morals. It was not—I am speaking of the Pan-Anglican—it was not an aggressive body. It was the forlorn hope of Protestantism. It was meek—it was deferential.—it was sweetly submissive and respectful towards the State. It was prostrated with grief, and devoured with anxiety, not for the church, but for the parsonages, glebe lands, and advowsons. It opposed not infidelity, but the levelling tendencies of the times. Disestablishment was the fatal specter which the Pan-Anglican Synod sought to lay in the Dead Sea, with all the rest of those troublesome dogmas, canons and disciplines with which Popery scrunches its unfortunate victims. It will be known in ecclesiastical history as the last ditch in defence of Anglican bread and butter. Alas! alas! to think of bishops and deans, their wives and offspring—a priestly race—convening a Pan-Anglican to settle the question of baker, butcher and calico dealer! O my Pan-Anglican soul! here’s a falling off, my brethren!

There is one anomaly to which I wish to allude, ere I conclude this chapter. Whenever Rome speaks, whether through the Pope or a Council, the whole world is set agog, and the earth is moved as the sound of many waters. When *we* get up a Pan-Anglican, we may call it universal, œcumenical, or what not,

and behold ! the world remains as quiet as a night in June. Worry resolve, we shout, we beat our flanks in an ecstasy of pious enthusiasm, we cry out : " Lo ! here's a prime article ! Here's orthodox interpretation for you ! Here's vital christianity ! Listen and admire ! " We erect our ears and await the uproar but, *proh ! pudor !* not a sound, not an echo, breaks the calm stillness of utter indifference. Why is this thus ? Is it not because the world is incapable of rising to that region of evangelical liberty to which I have repeatedly referred, where the propositions " God exists " and " God does not exist " find their beautiful adjustment within the elastic atmosphere of rational religion. Man is the most illogical of beings. He keeps hammering away at Popery on his own hook, but let a respectable Pan-Anglican Synod offer to assist him, and forthwith he rejects such alliance with scorn and abuse. Has it come to this, that a silk apron or an episcopal corporation has less influence than a similar article worn by Gretchen, our housemaid ? I could suggest a remedy, were anyone to ask me for it. Our bishops are too ascetic, too retired and, let me add the word, too exclusive. Let them mingle more with the people and, my word for it, their apostolic dignity and official sanctity will be cheerfully conceded by the common sort. How striking and effective to the imagination of the *profanum vulgus*, would be the sight of his Grace of Canterbury, or his Lordship, Soapy Samuel, attired in their gorgeous episcopal robes, mitre on head, crosier on left arm and wife on the right, with their olive branches and the wet and dry nurses thereof in attendance, coming forth from their lofty palaces, followed by troops of menials, splendid in red plush and purple breeches, vergers, beadles, and other officials, the chaplain, as in duty bound, bringing up the rear ! How the mob would howl with delight ! What a fine contrast would such a display not be with the miserable times of Theodore, Lanfranc, Anselm or Thomas A. Becket ! Look at the immense influence of the Lord Mayor's show as an engine of popularity. The crowd that surrounds his Worship has not, on a average, more than one full meal a day, yet do they shout most joyously and drink hogsheads of gin to the health, wealth and prosperity of the Chief Magistrate. Why cannot our prelates go and do likewise ? They have plenty of money—the Episcopal being a very close corporation—and have more resources for variety in the show line than the Lord Mayor possesses. High Church might be attired in royal purple ; Broad Church in red ; Low Church in regulation scarlet ; Scotch Kirk in Rob Roy tartan ; Welsh in Leek green ; American in stars and stripes ; the African branch might introduce a novelty and appear nude and tatooed, just for a little sensation, and to confound Bishop Colenzo's inactive ministration. Then each bishop might

in June. Worry a chinese lantern or transparency setting forth his peculiar views on some dogma agreed upon beforehand, that there might be presented a most agreeable disagreement for the edification of the general, to wit, the mob aforesaid, and for the further confusion of Popery. I hope this proposal may meet the kindly judgment which its pure intention merits. But as my theme is of higher things, here must end the chapter introductory.

## CONFERENCE I.

WHICH TREATS OF THE SCHEMA, AND THE DISCUSSION THEREON.

"With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,"—*Milton.*

The opening of the Pan-Anglican was a fine sight. As each brace of bishops waddled into the Hall of Conference and took their places, the very atmosphere grew still, and seemed to bow down with respect. There was Dr. Blazes, who had challenged the Pope himself as to papal claims. There was Dr. Farrago de Boshon, of western New York, who professed everything, but—so the enemy whispered—knew nothing and ventilated it. There was Dr. Prettyman, from Ontario, Canada, who was widely famous for nothing in particular, except filling parishes with pretty marionettes. There was Dr. Misoneger, from Kentucky, and Dr. Philoneger, from Massachusetts. The renowned Dr. Butbous, of Oxford, condescended to take a chair beside Dr. Thinpickings, of Sodor and Man. Dr. Distingue, of York, beamed over his spectacles graciously at Dr. Boanerges, of Waterford, who scowled rather fiercely at Dr. MacGriggs, of Derry, on account of a late controversy touching the Culdees, Chaldeans, or Calmucks, I am not sure which. But why should I continue to enumerate those chiefs of the chancel whose praise is in the mouth of all the rate-payers. Let me conclude by recording the fact that Dr. Orthodox, of Natal, was excused from attendance, for the very sufficient and prudent reason that if he left his diocese, that Kafir free-lancer, Dr. Colenso, would take possession *instantly*, and thus would Dr. O., on his return, find himself left in the lurch. It was noticed that the eyes of Dr. Polly, from China, had become decidedly oblique and almond-shaped, such is the deleterious effect of a long residence in the Central Flowery Kingdom.

When all the fathers had been seated, his Grace of Canterbury proposed to open the council with prayer. "I have been at pains," quoth he, "to compose a petition that might suit the views of all parties, and I trust that no objection will be made

to any clause thereof. It is short and, I humbly hope, not devoid of unctuousness. I have some doubts as to the grammar, but the doctrinal notions be correct, why should we squabble about the rest? Let us pray."

Here his grace stretched forth his arms before him, elevated his eyes in the direction of the ceiling (a nicely stuccoed ceiling) and, in a voice trembling with official emotion, began:

"Send forth Thy preventing grace, O——"

DR. BULBOUS.—I am grieved to interrupt your grace, I am sure but the doctrine of preventing grace is not generally received to-day in the most orthodox circles. We find no warrant for preventing grace in the Bible, and the Reformation fathers stoutly scouted the idea as a Popish innovation. Such an expression—

DR. BLAZES.—It strikes me, Brother Bulbous, that your orthodox circles are little better than Pelagian coteries.

DR. BULBOUS.—Pelagian coteries, sirrah, I mean Brother Blazes! I am astounded, nay, shocked at such an unwarranted imputation! It is neither Pelagianism nor semi-Pelagianism, but good sound Protestant doctrine. Preventing grace supposes good works which must follow its influencing and determining action. Do you hold to the Popish fallacy of good works?

DR. BLAZES.—I am horrified, Dr. Bulbous, at your cruel insinuation. I hold to good works! Ha! ha! Why, sir, in my letter to the Pope ——

DR. MACGRIGGS.—I warrant ye, the Pope minds little what any of ye speak or write. Am thinkin' His Holiness threw Brother Blazes' epistle intill the waste basket, ha! ha!

DR. BLAZES.—Ahem! Brother MacGriggs, ahem! sir! You seem to mistake this Synod for a Milesian Symposium, where there is more wit than piety, and more punch than patristic erudition!

DR. MAC GRIGGS.—Troth, there, a little punch might do none of us much harm the day, Brother Blazes.

DR. PRETTYMAN.—Brothers! Brothers! What has punch to do with preventing grace. Stick to the question. As I am a Colonial bishop, loyalty compels me to agree with his Grace of Canterbury's expression. My private conviction accords with that of Brother Bulbous.

DR. BLAZES.—A very convenient and accommodating conscience truly. A little colonial casuistry might prevent many lamentable dissensions here in England. However, there is such a thing as principle yet in the world.

DR. PRETTYMAN.—I understand you,—I understand you perfectly, Brother Blazes! A person who has written to the Pope must be allowed some privileges, just as a Mahomedan who has made a pilgrimage to Mecca, is Hadji or Holy for the remainder of his days.

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gan:

SEVERAL FATHERS.—Shame! Shame! To compare a christian bishop with a Mahommedan!

DR. BLAZES.—Bear with him, brothers! I suppose it is another colonial instinct that is moving Brother Prettyman.

DR. PRETTYMAN.—It was only an illustration.

SEVERAL FATHERS.—No more, sir, pray,—no more! We are grieved!

[Dr. Prettyman bows his head in silence and mops his eyes with a purple handkerchief].

DR. BOANERGES.—This is a scandalous discussion, ——

SEVERAL FATHERS.—Clerk, take down those words, they are an insult to the Synod!

DR. BOANERGES.—Will ye listen to me? I was only saying ——

SEVERAL FATHERS.—Clerk, take down the words! Take them down *verbatim*!

DR. MISOGENER.—*Et literatim*!

DR. FARRAGO DE BOSHON.—*Et seriatim*!

DR. BOANERGES.—I'm an Irishman, and won't be put down by any Synod, Convention, Council or Caucus in Christendom!

D'ye mind? I say and repeat, this is a scandalous discussion,—a discussion that would not be tolerated at the council fire of Blackfoot or Crow Indians! There now!

[Terrific uproar! Several fathers rise to their feet and grasp their umbrellas fiercely. His Grace of Canterbury, pale and distraught, calls "Order! Order!" until the tumult ceases.]

HIS GRACE OF CANTERBURY.—This is unprecedented! This is awful! Who would have imagined that an innocent little prayer, perfectly orthodox ——

DR. BULBOUS.—Not perfectly,—not orthodox at all, your grace. Pardon me!

HIS GRACE OF CANTERBURY.—Well, well, have it your own way, at any rate it was innocent ——

DR. BULBOUS.—Pardon again, your grace, what's unorthodox cannot be innocent.

DR. DISTINGUO.—Allow me to say a word, please. Either the prayer is orthodox or not. If not, it is not innocent. He who made the prayer is either *materially* or *formally* culpable according as he knew or did not know its heterodoxy. Ahem!

DR. BULBOUS.—I consider it rather suspicious to introduce the tag ends of mediæval scholasticism into the Pan-Anglican Synod. Whatever the prayer may be, *that's* certainly heterodox!

DR. DISTINGUO.—You are exceedingly orthodox, brother. You would have made a fine inquisitor for Philip of Spain. Have you yet to learn that private judgment is the very foundation of Protestantism? Who gave *you* authority to criticise the opinion of your neighbors?

DR. BULBOUS.—And, pray, if it comes to that, who gave <sup>you</sup> would authority to ask such a question? So fully am I impressed <sup>with</sup> Was the with the greatness of the Boon of Private Judgment in <sup>all</sup> nature matters, that I acknowledge no earthly authority whatever <sup>shall</sup> shall we matters religious. <sup>of</sup> of opinion.

DR. THINPICKINGS.—Don't you acknowledge the authority of His Grace of Canterbury in the Council? <sup>upon</sup> upon a hammer.

DR. BULBOUS.—What! What? His Grace of Canterbury's authority <sup>shall</sup> shall en ity here! Not at all! He presides, because he is lucky enough <sup>he</sup> he hel to hold the most important benefice in the Anglican Church. It is not a presidency of jurisdictional authority but a mere <sup>a</sup> a te honorary chairmanship, of no more, nay less, significance than <sup>authori</sup> authori the chairmanship of Quarter Sessions or a Board of Railroads <sup>for</sup> for uni Directors. Pooh! pooh! Authority, indeed! Let us clear our <sup>consider</sup> consider a minds of that remnant of Popery before we begin, otherwise <sup>outcom</sup> outcom there are breakers a-head. I do assure you. <sup>duce</sup> duce th

At this moment the majority of the fathers, considering the <sup>world;</sup> world; matters had gone far enough, asked that the prayer might <sup>of</sup> of ever said, and that those who objected should permit the recitation <sup>rational</sup> rational thereof under protest, which protest might be conveniently <sup>"1</sup> "1 discussed at the close of the Synod. But the opposition averred <sup>intolera</sup> intolera 1o. That a great principle was involved and that they could not <sup>more</sup> more e and would not tolerate such a fatal aberration from the old ortho <sup>infiltrat</sup> infiltrat dox Standards and 2o. That if the others, who held to the prayer <sup>human</sup> human and whom they, the opposition, could not help ranking as little <sup>[H</sup> [H better than heathens and publicans, if these erring brothers per- <sup>s</sup> sisted in outraging the sentiment of orthodoxy glowing in the <sup>c</sup> c bosom of the aforesaid opposition, then, nothing remained but <sup>"P</sup> "P to withdraw from the convention and publish a joint appeal to <sup>that</sup> that w Parliament asking for a bill which might enable them to assemble <sup>at</sup> at Rom a purely Anglican, orthodox Synod, after the formulas consecrated <sup>deplor</sup> deplor by the hoary antiquity of three centuries. <sup>from</sup> from s

"It would be a pretty thing, indeed," cried Dr. Bulbous, flourishing a pocket handkerchief in his right hand, "if we should tamely submit to a form of prayer, insulting to a large and respectable portion of the Anglican episcopate! and truly, I may respectfully hint, that his Grace of Canterbury might have consulted a few representative men of every shade of opinion here present, before exploding this bomb-shell upon the Synod. What result could his grace possibly expect from that prayer? We have here bishops from Africa, Asia and America. Are their particular views of doctrine to be nunged upon by loose and unorthodox prayers? Have they put themselves to inconvenience and expense, merely to find their feelings lacerated by archiepiscopal utterances of a questionable nature? One would have thought that if orthodoxy fled from the rest of the world, she <sup>is</sup> is all c <sup>are</sup> are tru <sup>terious</sup> terious <sup>spite</sup> spite c <sup>but</sup> but w <sup>body</sup> body <sup>say</sup> say " <sup>New</sup> Newm <sup>then</sup> then <sup>heter</sup> heter <sup>blanc</sup> blanc <sup>about</sup> about <sup>Let</sup> Let u

who gave *y* would find a refuge at Lambeth! Look at the Vatican Council!  
 n I impress Was the Pope simple enough to attempt prayers of a heterodox  
 lgment in a nature? He was too cunning to be guilty of such a paradox.  
 y whatever Shall we, who move in the serene light of Evangelical Liberty  
 of opinion and private judgment, sell our Protestant birthright  
 thority of H to a heretical prayer? Shall we who reject Rome surrender to  
 Lambeth? I look upon this attempt to pass a counterfeit prayer  
 ury's autho upon us as the first insidious edge of the fatal wedge, which  
 ucky enough shall ere long deprive us of our present liberty and chain us to  
 ican Church the heterodox chariot of ecclesiastical authority! Protestantism  
 y but a mer is a tentative process,—a spiritual empiricism. We want no  
 ilicance that authority to enable us to divide. Authority is only necessary  
 l of Railroad for unity, and unity we lay no claim to whatever. Nay, I con-  
 us clear ou sider a multiplicity of sects as a positive blessing and an essential  
 n, otherwis outcome of Protestantism. As competition and opposition pro-  
 duce those marvels of commerce which England presents to the  
 sidering tha world; so religious divisions enable men to read the *pros* and *cons*  
 er might bo of every dogma, and thus afford an excellent opportunity for a  
 he recitation rational choice of belief. [Great applause from all sides.]  
 conveniently "Let Rome continue exclusive if she like, but let us avoid  
 tion averred intolerance above all things. And, I know of no intolerance  
 y could no more excessive, nor bigotry more enormous than to strive to  
 ne old ortho infiltrate insidious doctrines into the human mind while that  
 o the prayer human mind is off its guard in the fervor of devotional enthusiasm.  
 ing as little [Here the Right Rev. Dr. threw a withering glance at the  
 rothers per Hierophant of Lambeth, while here and there a distinct  
 wing in the sibilation broke forth. Thus encouraged, Dr. Bulbous  
 nained but continued.]  
 t appeal to "It is one of the most extraordinary things in the world  
 to assemble that we Protestants can do nothing without squinting askance  
 consecrated at Rome to see what she thinks of us. What is the cause of this  
 deplorable weakness? It is a leaven of the dark ages. [Groans  
 from several fathers.] I say it without fear of contradiction, it  
 is all due to the lingering spirit of the dark ages. We think we  
 are true blue Protestants, but we are not. There is some mas-  
 terious attraction about Rome that draws men towards her in  
 spite of themselves. Good heavens! brothers, how do I know  
 but we may resolve, before the end of the Synod, to go over,  
 body and bones to Rome! [Groans and cries of "never!"] You  
 say "never!" That's all very well, but suppose Manning or  
 Newman should ask to be heard before this assemblage, what  
 then? Does it promise well, under such a hypothesis, that  
 heterodoxy has reared its Gorgonian head in the subtle sem-  
 blance of prayer? I tell you that while our boat is floating  
 about among the breakers, their vessel is anchored in the harbor.  
 Let us look to our Protestantism. Parliament is a poor reed

now-a-days to lean upon. The Tories are getting as bedevilled as the Whigs. Dis-establishment looms up—a horrid shape—the clouded future,—the near future! [Prolonged sensation of groans and tears.]

DR. DISTINGUO.—Will the Right Rev. Brother permit me to say a word. His pessimist views are certainly alarming, but I am not afraid, [Revulsion of feeling and cheers.] His Majesty, the Head of our Church, is too good a Protestant to permit us to be despoiled. Our modest incomes are safe for centuries to come, [Shouts of delight.] But the main question at present is the prayer. I have a suggestion to offer respecting that prayer. Why cannot each father say, in silence, his own prayer? Thus the difficulty will be obviated and business commence.

HIS GRACE OF CANTERBURY [Kneeling down.]—Let us kneel down and pray.

DR. PHILONEGER.—I emphatically object to kneeling, It is a posture humiliating to any one possessing a shadow of self-respect. We have no Scriptural warrant for an action which seems to me abject and indecent.

DR. BLAZES.—May I ask our Right Rev. Brother from Massachusetts what posture he considers appropriate for prayer?

DR. PHILONEGER.—I consider standing quite the thing.

DR. PRETTYMAN.—On two legs or on one?

DR. PHILONEGER.—That depends. A goose might pray on one leg very comfortably. [Order! order!]

DR. PRETTYMAN.—Very polite, I am sure. [Smothered laughter]

DR. THINPICKINGS.—I am perfectly convinced, nay, conscientiously certain that the sole scriptural position for prayer is sitting. It is the most comfortable position.

DR. AP POWEL AP POTEEN.—In what direction do you turn your face in prayer. The custom amongst us is to turn our back on the chancel or minister.

DR. BULBOUS.—O dear me! that's intolerable! why, the Methodists don't do that!

DR. AP POWEL AP POTEEN.—My respected brother, we do not borrow our canons of discipline from those howling sectaries. It strikes me, brother, that you are not over consistent. You have harangued us at some length in a series of what I am constrained to call gratuitous assumptions, touching a certain region of evangelical liberty, and lo! your idea of freedom consists in a liberty to believe as *you* do, but not otherwise.

DR. MISONER.—In Kentucky, the niggers pray lying upon their backs shouting. I mention the fact as it may suggest a compromise. [Much amazement.]

DR. BULBOUS.—Our American brothers must have their humor:

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eir humor :

but this Synod is no joking matter. Here we have frittered away a couple of hours, and have not even said the opening prayer. This is certainly a sinister augury for the future of this important council. If we go on this way Doomsday will interrupt our labors."

Hereupon a number of venerable prelates energetically attacked Dr. Bulbous as being the head and front of the offending. The Dr. replied, warmly defending himself on the ground of his orthodox conscience. Unto this several bishops made rejoinder. Dr. Bulbous finally—his stentorian lungs giving him a vast advantage over the rest—started to his feet, and spoke thus :

"Are we here to devise means to defend Protestantism or not? If so, who shall dare throw scorn at me for sounding the alarm when our opinions are in danger? The signs of the times are ominous: infidelity is abroad; scepticism stalks boldly in the high places, and vital religion is effete and moribund! Popery stretches forth her giant arm, and plucks the fairest flowers of Protestantism; Ritualism riots in lace and linen, lights and candlesticks! And shall I hold my peace?—shall I sit down content?—shall I sleep and snore, a dumb dog that will not bark, when prayers unfit for orthodox ears are fashioned, devised and set forth by individuals high in authority? Perish such abject cowardice! I shall cry out! I shall strike and spare not, though stakes and faggots threaten, and assassins from cavernous depths steal forth to kill!"

DR. MACGREGG.—Am in a cold sweat listening to the awful words of Dr. Bulbous. Stakes and faggots! bless my soul! Fire and fury! spare us this day! Assassins and Caverns! lo! ye, the while! What possesses our Brother? He is conjuring up phantoms for his own proper delectation and then beating them back with brave words. Popery and Ritualism!—hear till him now! We have dropped the subject of the prayer; each father will pray according as he sees fit. As to the position, why, let each adopt that which seems meet to him, and let us make an end of this discussion. I thought we were going to do great things, but I am getting very doubtful. Am thinking we'll not agree on anything at all. So now let us to prayer.

This appeal seemed to exercise a good influence on the Synod, and forthwith the prelates fell to silent prayer. Some knelt, some stood, others sat; a number knelt on one knee and stood on the other leg; a few reclined after the manner of the Romans at meal time. Some faced the chair, others turned their backs to it; while not a few prayed askew or sideways, which was doubtless a compromise position. Such an extraordinary sight was a very beautiful illustration of that contempt for forms

which is the most precious gift of the Reformation. Each prelate looked keenly at his neighbour, to see if perchance, the vile spirit of Ritualism might constrain him to cross himself. But, thank goodness, not one incurred that reproach, and all passed the three minutes' ordeal unscathed.

After prayer, his grace of Canterbury unrolled a scroll of manuscript, illuminated as to the cover, in order to give the document a mediæval and antique appearance, for it is a well-known fact that religion, like wine, requires age to make it respectable. Adjusting his gold spectacles, the venerable primate read, in a rather muffled voice, the epistle, which he was pleased to call an "Encyclical Letter," though many objected to that well-known Popish adjective, as they did also to the word "Œcumenical," which, it was wisely argued, should be left to the unfortunate Papists to whom it belonged. Which reasoning must fill every impartial mind with a high admiration for the prudence and discretion of its authors. As his grace's communion is too important to be trotted in at the tail of a chapter, I shall open a fresh one to do it worthy honor.

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## CONFERENCE II.

### HIS GRACE'S ADDRESS DISCUSSED.

"TO THE FAITHFUL, GREETING:

— We, Archbishops, Bishops Metropolitan, and other Bishops

DR. BULBOUS.—One word, your grace, asking pardon for interrupting you, is that a joint letter of all the prelates of this Synod? HIS GRACE OF CANTERBURY [rather excitedly].—Brother Bulbous, it is.

DR. BULBOUS.—Then, sir, I for one protest. One man must speak in the name of all the rest, *quasi auctoritatem habens*, as having authority. This will be a pretty nut for the Papists to crack; an avowed Œcumenical Council without a head. Come, come, if we want to prove an antidote to the Vatican, we must absolutely put a head on this body.

DR. PRETTYMAN.—The Lord is the head.

DR. BULBOUS.—My dear Brother Prettyman, you are not displaying in such a remark, that exquisite common sense and perspicacity so noticeable in our provincial bishops. Either the Lord established this Anglican Church which we represent, or He did not. If He did not, let us disperse and go over to Rome. If He did, He would never have created a body with-

out a head. Such a thing would be a moral monster, which it would be blasphemy to pretend. A living body must have a head ; a headless body is a corpse.

DR. DISTINGUO.—You mean an earthly, visible head, brother, I suppose ?

DR. BULBOUS.—Your supposition does credit, brother, to your understanding. I *do* mean an earthly, visible head.

DR. DISTINGUO [Somewhat nettled]—I thought every Anglican child knew that Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, was the head of the Anglican Church.

DR. BULBOUS.—Will you stand up, sir, in the face of this enlightened nineteenth century and say that Her Majesty—a woman, however estimable as a woman, a wife, a mother and a queen—is and ought to be held visible head of the Anglican Church, by divine appointment ?

HIS GRACE OF C.—Brother Bulbous, you seem to be sadly abroad as to the fundamental principle of the Protestant Church in these realms. Her Majesty is the head of the Church, not by direct divine appointment, but indirectly, by Act of Parliament, the source of our jurisdiction and office.

DR. BULBOUS.—So, the Act of Parliament is of indirect divine signification. So, the window tax, or the corn laws, were of indirect divine appointment. If that be so, what becomes of the divine when those laws are repealed. With all due submission to your grace, I must brand that assertion as absurd. Tell me, if you please, is our Anglican Church of direct divine institution ?

HIS GRACE OF C.—Undoubtedly.

DR. BULBOUS.—And shall the noblest part of the body, the head, be less favored than the members which it rules ? Does the foot think, or the hand reason ?

DR. BLAZES.—I think Dr. Bulbous is fearfully out of order. Why trouble the calm complacency of evangelical simplicity by such unsettled questions ? Why bring forth into this peaceful assembly furious dragons, which only excite commotions, doubts and dissensions ? Why dig up from the grave of undebateable propositions bones of contention which, to say the least, are impracticable ?

DR. KANNY.—I quite agree wi' Brither Blazes. Look at a steam engine. As lang as the machine gangs its gait soothly and snug, na ane fashes his beard anent the perfection or imperfection o' the machinery. The Kirk runs smoothly ; the salaries come in regularly ; the leevins are muckle better nor in former days, because of a wider spread tilling o' the soil, and naebody complains except perhaps a weak-kneed backslider o' a precessionist or dissenter who hae a tooth in ivery honest man's leg. [Smiles of approval.]

DR. FARRAGO DE BOSHON.—Happily, this is a question that never troubles the American branch of Anglicanism. Every bishop is the head of the church he preaches in, and every latitude is allowed the ministers in holding and teaching the very widest views possible on all religious questions. Indeed, this latitude is sometimes stretched to the snapping point, but the bishops do not interfere, because we look benignantly upon all forms of dissent that are sound on the question of opposition to Popery. [Much applause.] I could tolerate lovingly an Atheist, if he was only right on that question, for the best Protestants I ever met with were Atheists. They are so logical. [Tremendous cheers.]

DR. THINPICKINGS.—Is that last remark a sarcasm, brother ?

DR. F. DE BOSHON.—No, brother, it is not, and it betokens a dove-like innocence on your part to suspect such an enormity.

DR. DISTINGUO.—Let this question of headship be, *hic et nunc*, put to a vote. Do you wish Dublin, Armagh, Canterbury or myself to rule over you ?

A LARGE NUMBER.—No head ! no head !

DR. RITUAL.—Let us choose the Pope as head.

[Tremendous uproar. One bishop poises his umbrella like a javelin, to transfix, as it were, Dr. Ritualist.]

DR. BLAZES—[amid deep silence]—I arise in my place in this Synod to offer my solemn protest against Dr. Ritualist. In the face of Scripture, which clearly says to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria : “Thou art Peter, &c.,” here we are, after three centuries of sturdy protest, a successor of the Apostles—

DR. MACGRIGGS.—Pardon me ; I don't like that gabble about “Successor of the Apostles” and such Popish terms. We never yet claimed Apostolic succession but we made a laughing-stock of ourselves. If an Act of Parliament can give us divine institution, it stands for us in place of Apostles. Our church was founded by King and Parliament, and nothing else. I have always held that we opened the gates of our Protestant fortress to the enemy whenever we set up Apostolic claims. Of course I would not say this anywhere but here. I think we would do wisely to frame a canon rejecting the Apostles. We are Anglican, not Apostolic, bishops. [Uproar.]

DR. PRETTYMAN.—That is distinct, avowed heresy. [Sensation.]

SEVERAL.—Heresy ! heresy !

DR. MACGRIGGS.—Dr. Prettyman, will you expound unto me what is heresy ?

DR. PRETTYMAN.—It means to choose or to separate from.

DR. MACGRIGGS.—To choose ! to separate from, eh ? Didn't Henry VIII choose for us a religion, and didn't we separate from Rome ? So, according to your own definition, we are all

heretics. Upon my word, you are just the man to charge me with heresy.

DR. DISTINGUO.—We didn't separate from Rome; it was Rome that separated from the doctrines of the Primitive Church, and we simply returned to that primitive system. [Great applause.]

DR. BULBOUS.—What was that Primitive Church? When did it exist?

DR. DISTINGUO.—The Primitive Church flourished during the first three centuries. It was the true church of Christ,—a Gospel religion, like our own.

DR. RITUAL.—Not so fast, brother, not so fast! We ruin ourselves by claiming that so-called Primitive Church. Ignatius, in the year 107, wrote a letter to the Church which PRESIDES in the country of the Romans." Irenæus attacked the Gnostics, in 177, for appealing to a Primitive Church, and compared the Church of Rome to a focus to which all the other churches converged as rays to a common centre. Saumaise, a Calvinist, shows that the words of Irenæus meant that all churches should "*convenire et concordare in rebus fidei et doctrinæ cum Romana ecclesia*, or, as the Greek hath it: "*Συμμετρεῖν πρὸς τὴν Ῥωμαίων ἐκκλησίαν*." One of our doctors, Nevins, says:—"It is not to be disguised that the episcopate is viewed by Irenæus as a general corporation, HAVING ITS CENTRE OF UNITY IN THE CHURCH OF ROME." Tertullian acknowledges that the Roman Church was the Church of Peter, and that Peter was the rock on which the Christian Church is built. Augustine cries out: "I may well disregard the combined multitude of my enemies, while I am united, by letters of communion, with the Roman Church, in which THE PRINCEDOM OF THE APOSTOLIC CHAIR ALWAYS FLOURISHED." And so on through all the first centuries, from the Apostolic times. Moreover, it is an indubitable truth that the mass, seven sacraments, holy water, pious pictures and images, devotion to the saints, the primacy of the bishop of Rome, and every doctrine of Catholics to-day, were either explicitly or implicitly held by the Primitive Church. If any brother here present deny this assertion, I am willing and ready to substantiate every word I have spoken. The past is too well known at present to afford a convenient cloak for wild theories and vain imaginations. The Primitive Church was Catholic, Roman and Apostolic, and nothing else. It is better policy to admit a self-evident truth than to combat or reject it. We have injured our common Protestantism by such absurd pretensions. We are of the nineteenth century simply. The Protestantism of this age differs essentially from that of the eighteenth century; that of

the eighteenth essentially from that of the seventeenth ; while Reform in the seventeenth was diametrically opposed to the Reform of the sixteenth century. There is no use in multiplying heavy homilies and Scriptural card-houses. We belong to and partake of the mutability of time. Our dogmas and practices depend upon the genius of different peoples and laws. Let us be what we really are, and nothing else.

DR. FARRAGO DE BOSHON.—I am amazed ! Is this the Vatican Council or the Lambeth Conference ? Has Rome her spies, her agents, her Jesuits amongst us ? I begin to despair of Protestantism ! And is it possible that a bishop in the nineteenth century does not comprehend what Protestants mean by the Primitive Church ? There were two primitive churches, one an exterior system of bishops, priests, &c., acknowledging the claims of Rome and submitting thereto ; the other an invisible body, unerring and sternly orthodox, which had no connection with Rome.

DR. RITUALIST.—Will the learned doctor explain to us what he means by an “invisible body ?”

DR. FARRAGO DE BOSHON.—An invisible body is that body which is unseen. Have I answered my brother ?

DR. RITUALIST.—Where is your testimony as to the existence of that primitive, invisible, unseen body ?

DR. FARRAGO DE BOSHON.—Have you, brother, never experienced an evangelical consciousness of things not susceptible of common proofs ? Had you studied our Protestantism as carefully as you seem to have read Papist authors, you would comprehend easily what evangelical consciousness means, and would learn how large a place it occupies in Protestant polemics. Some of our strongest arguments against Popery depend wholly upon this consciousness.

DR. MACGRIGGS.—That sounds marvellously like imagination.

DR. FARRAGO DE BOSHON.—And your remark, my good brother, sounds marvellously like Popery.

DR. BOANEOGES.—Alas ! behold the results,—the fatal results of that deplorable Oxford movement ! I sometimes sigh for the good old fire and faggot times, when such men as Newman would have been got rid of expeditiously, the tract No. 90 hanging at his neck *in terrorem*. Are we never to have peace ? Here we are, a hundred of us, all professing to belong to the Anglican communion, and yet, I shall wager you ten to one that if each man were to write what he really believes on any single point of doctrine, not one opinion would be found to agree with the other. And we expect unity in the church at large, while its bishops are snarling, each in his own little bye-path and lane of belief, in adverse and opposite directions !

We are snarling and biting at one another like a pack of—ahem!—like persons distraught!—and all the time we are valorously shouting defiance at Rome and, like ecclesiastical bagmen, inviting the world to step forward and inspect *our* sample of unity. I speak plainly; we'll have to shout less and do more, if we wish to impress men with a proper sense of our claims to their recognition. What is the use, for instance, of flying for refuge to a Primitive Church, when hard pressed by our enemies, and, when asked for a definition of that Church, contenting ourselves with describing an absurd myth—a contradiction in terms? There are bodies in the sky, which no human eye, though aided by the most perfect telescope, shall ever be able to observe. Now, what would sensible men think of a pretended astronomer who would strive to explain his own blundering hypothesis and unscientific methods by dragging in that invisible star as an answer to all objections? A church is a thing created for men, and, therefore, nothing should be more visible. We laugh at Greek mythology and call their pretensions mere poetic fictions. In my estimation those are less dangerous than religious fictions, and, I say it with sorrow, of all fictions that ever emanated from the feverish imagination of man, not one surpasses in airy nothingness the fiction of an invisible Primitive Church. If this Primitive Church came from Christ, what became of it for twelve hundred years before the Reformation? Either it failed, or it did not. If the former hypothesis be held, what becomes of Christ's promise to be with his Church through all ages, even to the consummation of the world? If it did not fail, where was it? Surely not among the Oriental heretics, who largely denied Christ's divinity. If you say that it flourished in the West, then what becomes of our opposition to Rome? You concede, what she professes, that Rome is the true church of Christ. Therefore, all things considered, we had better drop the pious fraud of a Primitive Church.

DR. KANNY.—There are the Culdees. Perhaps they might have been the Kirk preimitive.

DR. MISONEGER.—The darkies in the Southern States practice a very primitive religion. It is nature, pure and simple, and I hold that nothing is more primitive than nature. Their only clearly defined doctrine is emotion, aided and abetted by the imagination. Nevertheless, it does not follow that because they may be called a primitive church, they are, therefore, a true one, for they mingle with their camp-meeting exercises a large share of Voodooism and Obi worship. The Primitive Church was very pure, but it does by no means follow that Protestantism is a second edition from the same author. I

have my doubts about the inspiration of Luther, Henry VIII and Elizabeth.

DR. BULBOUS.—The question is not about Primitive Churches, Culdees or negroes. I say we should have a head to our church. I again ask, where is that head? I mean a visible head on earth.

HIS GRACE OF C.—As the church is composed of many parts, so also the head thereof. Therefore, the bishops here assembled may be considered the head of the Anglican form of Protestantism. [Uproarious applause.]

DR. BULBOUS.—Then, let the head of the Anglican Church be called Briareus. *He* had a hundred heads; so have we. Ha! ha! to imagine Joe Miller putting this conundrum: "Why is the Anglican Church like Briareus?" "Because she has a hundred heads."

DR. BOANERGES.—Briareus had a hundred hands, brother.

DR. BULBOUS.—Do you believe that as an historical fact?

DR. BOANERGES.—No, brother, I do not.

DR. BULBOUS.—Then, sir, allow me to substitute heads for hands. We have made more important substitutions than that since the sixteenth century.

DR. PRETTYMAN.—Will your Grace please continue the reading of the Encyclical?

His grace thus adjured commenced his address once more, but when he called Anglicanism a branch of the Holy Catholic Church, half the assembly arose and protested vehemently against calling Protestantism Catholicity. Dr. Bulbous, particularly distinguished himself by shouting at the top of his voice, his extreme horror and disgust at such an innovation. "What is the use," cried he, "of claiming a title, which not even the infidel will allow us. Go into any town and ask for the Catholic Church, will a Protestant Church be pointed out to you? Thus the common sense of mankind is against such an assumption. We are Protestants not Catholics. Our church is Protestant and nothing else. If we be Catholics, against what are we protesting? Come now, answer me that?" The learned doctor was only repeating the argument of Augustine fifteen hundred years ago. Dr. Ap Powel Ap Poteen thought we might call ourselves Catholic in the sense that Protestantism was universally Protestantism wherever it existed. Dr. Boanerges held that Protestant Catholic and Roman Catholic, had two very different significations, and, in such sense, might be allowed. Dr. Prettyman urged that the sense of the different Churches should be taken on this important point. Dr. MacGriggs observed that Protestant was good enough for him, and he scorned to be beholden to Rome for a name for his church. Dr. Thinpickings

was of opinion that the name Catholic might have a rather composing effect upon the faithful. Dr. Blazes was sure the Dissenters grinned from ear to ear whenever they heard the word used by this establishment. The word will drive thousands into dissent. Dr. Farrago de Boshon asseverated vehemently that such a new-fangled term had its origin with that canker of ritualism, which was eating holes in the fair face of Protestant orthodoxy.

Whereupon Dr. Ritualist arose majestically from his seat, and denounced Brother Farrago de Boshom solemnly. He was quite aware of the animosity which prevailed against what was popularly known as Ritualism. He was sure that ninety-nine in every hundred of those who objected were perfectly ignorant of what they presumed to criticize, at the same time delicately insinuating that this much to be deplored folly was due, in a large measure, to some prelates,—he named no names,—whose acquaintance with the real meaning of Ritualism was somewhat less than that of the most ignorant of the aforesaid critics. [Sensation and divers sly glances at Dr. Farrago de Boshon, who glowed as red as a turkeycock.] He would beg to say to such hasty traducers of Ritualism, that there was altogether too much superficiality in the highest circles of religion in these sad days. Men spoke without reflection, and judged without any knowledge of the facts. He would tell such men that Ritualism was the most Protestant kind of Protestantism:—the very quintessence of the principles of reform. The cowl does not make the monk, neither does a chasuble or stole make a Roman Catholic. Perhaps those who sneer at Ritualists may not be aware that no form of Protestantism is more mocked at and contemned by Papists than that which Ritualism holds. One of my most zealous clergymen was atrociously assaulted lately by a besotted Irishman, simply because he offered to hear the barbarian's confession. Why, the early christian martyrs were not more cruelly treated than were several of our Ritualistic ministers. You call Ritualism "disguised Popery." But, were that stigma deserved, would that Popish Irishman have atrociously assaulted, even unto extravasation of both eyes, a zealous clergyman who only sought to minister unto the ruffian, and purge his no doubt vile conscience? Say what you will, the people must be appealed to through their senses. Four bare walls, a bleak chancel, and a dreary prosaic sermon or essay on election and reprobation, badly composed and worse read, will never bring men to church. I am sure it is anything but encouraging to be listening, Sunday after Sunday, to the drowsy echo of one's own voice reverberating from the bare walls of an empty church. When—

Here the Right Rev. Dr. was assailed with cries of "enough !

enough!" from all sides, which constrained him, though unwillingly, to resume his seat. Dr. Distinguo stood up hastily, as if about to launch a cataract of orthodox recriminations upon the devoted head of his dear brother, but checked himself, and demanded of the Council, if it was proper, if it was becoming, if it was decent, to keep his Grace of Canterbury standing there "like a prisoner in the dock" (those were his words), awaiting the good pleasure of the litigious disputants? Have we met here only to wrangle like a sophomore class? Are we bishops, or are we not? What will Rome say? Would it not be better to petition the Privy Council to send us, by special appointment, some conspicuous member of the nobility to act as chairman, with powers similar to those of the Speaker of the House of Commons? Here we are at our second Conference, and what has been done? Nothing—absolutely nothing! Questions as useless as a discussion over the Abacadabra have occupied the valuable time of the Conference, and prelates who came, in a godly frame of mind, to devise wise canons for the guidance of christendom, are fast developing conspicuous recalcitrations of the old Adam. We want a head,—I am grievously convinced of it,—we want a head! When every man is as good as his neighbor, what kind of decisions can be arrived at?

Dr. Bulbous would not for the best benefice in the world, say ought that might be interpreted in the most remote degree as personal to Dr. Distinguo, but he would venture to ask that distinguished prelate if he believed in the doctrine of private judgment? To this Dr. Distinguo replied, most certainly, then Dr. Bulbous, always with humble deference to Dr. Distinguo, made free to remark that private judgment belonged as much to the bishops as to the laity, and that it would be nothing more nor less than downright popery to gag, smother and quench that gospel freedom which which was the proved palladium of Protestant Christianity. [Great cheers.] We are met here to discuss any question that seems meet unto us. I thank Providence our church is free from the burden of any dogmas whatever, and I rejoice to feel that I, myself, am a sufficient guarantee and basis for my own belief. The head of *my* church is the head on my own shoulders. [Applause.] If you grant me private judgment, you cannot take exception to that assertion. Here Dr. Blazes interposed with a very formidable objection. If, quoth he, private judgment belong to the laity as well as to us, why are they not here to-day, and, furthermore, why are *we* here? Why are we called "bishops" and they "the laity?" If private judgment be all in all, it is a lying pretence for us to assume direction of the public conscience. It is a swindle and a fraud to preach my private judgment to any layman, when *his*

private judgment possesses the same guarantees and sanctions as mine. My interpretation of the gospel is simply mine; his is simply his; with no acknowledged authority on earth to interfere with the one or the other. Why, then, if this be so, do I take that layman's money and exercise certain functions which are denied to him? His Grace of Canterbury then interposed with the remark, that the law acknowledged the bishop as a bishop and the layman as a layman by explicit statute, that was enough for any ordinary Protestant conscience. *Non plus sapere quam oportet*, says Paul—We need'nt be wiser than the Act of Parliament makes us.

At last the document was gotten through with. As far as I could make out, his grace drew a very beautiful comparison between Lambeth and Rome.

"We not only do not pretend to define dogmas; it is our proudest boast that we have none! We do not bind men's consciences: we leave them as free as the birds of the heavens! We do not pretend to speak with infallible authority: we are perfectly satisfied with the measure of authority allowed us by Act of Parliament! No form of belief or unbelief—except popery—is refused a place upon our broad, liberal, Protestant platform! We extend the right hand of fellowship to every human soul that is sufficiently enlightened to protest against anything! The world need never fear that *we* shall disturb it with a Syllabus, treading upon the corns of its most cherished opinions! Nevertheless, the voice of this Lambeth Council shall shake the pillars of the Vatican and elicit from the universe a thunderous echo!"

Here a very untoward event occurred. His Grace of Canterbury is very fond of donkeys, of which he possesses several beautiful specimens in his park at Lambeth. Now, just as he concluded his address, one of those interesting animals that stood near the open windows of the conference hall, set up a most sonorous bray, which resounded far and wide. The first impression upon the minds of the startled fathers was that the affair was a Jesuit plot. But, upon looking out of the window, they were assured when they descried the stolid beast, with ears erect, eyeing the assembly with a drowsy expression of countenance, imperturbable and entertaining. The thing would have passed by with a laugh, had not some evil spirit tempted Dr. MacGriggs, who, I need not say, hails from a blundering island, not a thousand miles from Britain, to observe that that was the most sensible speech he had heard that day. But he was finely rebuked by Dr. Distinguo, who remarked that, generally speaking, those long-eared creatures emitted sounds according to their kind whenever they scented any of their cogeners in the

neighbourhood. And there being a hundred such, retorted Dr. Mac-Griggs, accounts, no doubt, for the extra force of the beast's strident jubilee. This is a straw, but it shows that the distinguished prelates are not as united as orthodoxy Protestantism might desire.

### CONFERENCE III.

IN WHICH CONCILIAR, BIBLICAL AND FOREIGN MISSION DIFFICULTIES ARE DISCUSSED.

*"Rara avis in terra, nigraque similima cygno."*—Very like a whale.—*Shakspeare.*

The Third Conference opened with a sermon on "Late Discoveries in Light," composed by Professor Tyndall. The preacher said he had prudently resolved to avoid all religious questions on this occasion, as he considered dogmatic utterances out of place at a Pan-Anglican Council. As to morals, each prelate was sufficiently able to take care of his own; that is to say in civilized canonical countries; as to foreign parts, the thing was not so clear." After this graphic exordium, the Right Rev. Prelate (it was Dr. Boanerges who spoke) delivered himself of some very fine conceptions concerning Light. He did not refer, of course, to moral, but to physical light. There was a dearth of sermons in the market, a fact of whose existence he had satisfactorily convinced himself that morning looking over the advertising columns of the *Times*. So, he thought, a lay sermon by such a distinguished scientist as Professor Tyndal would, no doubt, be very acceptable to his right rev. brothers."

Away, at a canter, went the good doctor upon his lofty subject until Dr. Bulbous, as usual, brought the speaker to a sudden halt, by demanding if a sceptical professor's lucubrations upon light or any other subject should be permitted to take up the time of a Pan-Anglican Council? This conundrum brought on a hot discussion which lasted an hour, when Dr. Boanerges, in a mild ecstacy of wrath, cast down his manuscript with the portentous words: "This assembly evidently despises light!" which was severely commented on by several fathers as offensively ambiguous and obscure. And so ended the lay sermon.

His Grace of Canterbury then arose and said: "There is a point of very great importance to which I beg leave to call your attention. I have heard venerable brothers repeatedly call this conference a council, some even letting the word 'œcumenical' drop from their lips. Now, I must say that this is an error. We cannot assemble in council because of the diversity of religious

opinions in the Protestant Church Anglican throughout the world. Mind, I do not regret this diversity; I love this diversity, because therein lies the strongest proof of that evangelical liberty which permits a man to accept a whole or a part, or to reject a whole or a part of a doctrine, without exposing his Protestant orthodoxy to the hasty judgment of adverse criticism. There are other grave difficulties—personal, national, linguistic, &c.—which forbid the assembling of a council, but we hope that providence may yet furnish us a solution of such difficulties. We must possess our souls with patience and wait for something to turn up. I have not the slightest doubt that the day will come when all the bishops of England and America and Africa, and elsewhere, shall be enabled to attend an œcumenical council——”

DR. RITUALIST.—At Rome, your Grace, at Rome!

HIS GRACE OF C.—Perhaps, for many encouraging signs point to a speedy conversion of Rome to a vital form of worship, such as we happily possess. It is providential the Archbishop of Canterbury has not much glebe land, as such a state of things will facilitate his removal to Rome, when that interesting city shall be purged of Popery. I would, by the way, urge upon our ministers to make a prudent provision of Latin literature and church history, that they may be enabled to assume, without any notable shock, the offices now occupied by the Papists. In other respects, let our policy be one of masterly inactivity. Let us wait and the pear will fall into our mouth.

DR. BULBOUS.—I thought the object of this assemblage of bishops was to manifest to the world that Protestantism was just as capable of getting up an œcumenical council as Rome.

SEVERAL.—So did we.

HIS GRACE OF C.—“Indeed, I thought so myself, but you see it is impossible. A few newspapers have given us an editorial or two and there they dropped us. What is the use of our promulgating canons which Parliament or the Privy Council will most assuredly squelch? Look at that Tooth——”

DR. RITUALIST.—“Rev. Mr. Tooth deserves more respectful language than that, your grace. I formally protest against the expression “that Tooth!”

DR. MACGRIGGS.—“Faix, it's easy to see this is a Protestant meeting, there's so much protesting. [Murmurs.]

HIS GRACE OF C.—“Well, leaving discussion aside, I must too protest. I must formally protest against the anomalous, the degrading position in which the bishops of the Anglican branch of Protestantism are placed by the law officers of the crown and the Privy Council in general. Ministers disobey their bishops with impunity: rebellion is rampant: ordinaries

are actually defied, and not only is disobedience to ecclesiastical comminations flagrant, but such disobedience is encouraged by judicial decisions of laymen quashing the sentences of deposition and suspension by which church authorities seek to purge the sanctuary of unworthy pastors! Look at Rome: I say it with grief: look at Rome! The moment a priest or bishop disobeys, he is driven from the popish communion, and neither king nor parliament can shield the backsliders. Rome speaks calmly, and lo! she is obeyed; *we* thunder and appeal, and behold! we are answered by mockery and laughter. Would it not be wise to break from state connection and take our chances as a voluntary system?"

DR. DISTINGUO.—"Your grace, that last question is—pardon me—nonsensical. Suppose you and I and the rest of us, determined on independence, what would follow? Why *we* should march out of our benefices and others march in, that's all. The Anglican Church is a frail ivy, which cannot stand alone: It must cling to the sturdy oak, the state. What we are, the state has made us. Without the state we should be poor and despicable. All that we have, authority, jurisdiction, benefice, honors and emoluments, come from the state. Let us beware of assuming too broad a position for our Anglicanism. Our church was born of a purely civil quarrel; it was devised as a protection for Elizabeth and her heirs on the English throne. We are despised by crown and commons to-day because the conditions which gave us importance in the past are totally changed. As soon as the Protestant succession was firmly established, the crown threw us overboard. When our influence over the English masses passed away, politicians, who used the church as a tool for the furtherance of personal ambition, cast her aside with contempt. We are reaping slavery because the first fathers of Anglican Protestantism were mere courtiers and sycophants. They sold their Catholic birthright for a mess of Protestant pottage. [Order! Order!] What? You object to the expressions "Catholic birthright!" and what are you proclaiming to the world every day but your just right to be styled "Catholic?" Will you have others believe what you yourselves disbelieve? Out upon such inconsistency! If we are Catholic now, we must have been Catholic from the beginning, but I tell you when England became Protestant she ceased to be Catholic." [Great commotions on all sides.]

DR. PRETTYMAN.—If it were impossible to hold a council yielding any authority, over Protestants, of what use was it to bring me and others all the way from America to tell us so? Would not a circular letter have answered every purpose just

as well as a Lambeth Conference? What will the Papists say? Why *Parturiunt montes et nascetur ridiculus mus*—the mountains in labor have brought forth a mouse. It is very discouraging. We do not seem to have the slightest idea of what we want to do or not to do. If I look for some authority, I am told I am my own authority; that there is no other binding me. If I enunciate a purely Protestant opinion, I am stopped with a loud protest. If I speak in a Catholic spirit, I am silenced with a louder protest. Indeed, I think our best plan would be to turn the Conference into a Quakers' meeting, and spend the time, until we disperse, staring solemnly at the ceiling or floor, or at one another.

DR. BULBOUS.—If some loquacious persons would imitate the Quakers as to their silence, I opine it would be better for the success of the cause which brings us together.

DR. RITUALIST.—What cause?

DR. BULBOUS.—That's a strange question, brother? What cause? Why, *the* cause; the—ah—the requirements of—the momentous crisis—ah—the—what cause, sir? A—a most extraordinary question?

DR. RITUALIST.—You have not answered my question, brother?

DR. BULBOUS.—[very red and and angry].—O I have not answered your question, eh? Who ever dreamt that such a question would be asked by a bishop at the Lambeth Conference? Do we not all know the cause, eh? The cause is—is—eh—the cause, in short, will develop itself according to the main drift of this assembly. I hope my answer is satisfactory.

DR. RITUALIST.—Not at all; it is no answer whatever.

DR. BULBOUS.—Then, sir, you must be satisfied with it, for you will get no other response from me!

The peculiar smile with which Dr. Ritualist received this *ultimatum* excited Dr. Bulbous above measure, and several brothers asserted afterwards that they distinctly heard him mutter under his teeth, "rascally half-Papist!" However, I must conclude that the reverend prelates were mistaken, for no bishop could use such ungodly expressions. The tympanum plays us some queer tricks at times.

To create, I suppose, a diversion from the discussion afore-said which, sad to say, was approaching the confines of personal altercation, Dr. Blazes asked Dr. Distinguo, who was of the Commission, how far they had got on with the revision of the Bible. Dr. Distinguo replied that they were progressing satisfactorily, although, of course, great differences of opinion existed as to the value of divers readings. I am sorry to say, he observed, that our fathers of the Reform were over hasty in rejecting the literal meaning of sentences, and indulging in metaphorical interpreta-

tion of a very remarkable kind. They were, moreover, rather unskilled in Biblical criticism, though I believe their knowledge of Greek and Hebrew was somewhat superior to ours. Strauss, Wegscheider, in exegesis; Kant and Fichte in philosophy, and Smiglerius in dialectics are the guides of the Commission. We are aiming at a broad interpretation; we are striving to remove the Protestant scriptural canon as far as possible from Popery. We are divided as to the propriety of rejecting or retaining the sixth chapter of John, which is so popish on the face of it as to excite grave doubts as to its authenticity. We shall very probably insert into the Old Testament that book of the Machabees, which mentions nothing about sending certain drachmas to Jerusalem, which was evidently an interpretation by some Romanizing Jews. As to the Epistle of James, I think it must be relegated to its former apocryphal seclusion, for it is Popish from beginning to end. We shall weed out a good deal, especially that section where anathema is pronounced against those who add to, or take from "the words of this book." We consider such expressions an infringement upon that Gospel liberty which was guaranteed to us by the fathers of Reform, and divers Acts of Parliament. In short, my dear brother, we shall endeavor to produce a Bible satisfactory both to the Strauss school, and to those minute sticklers, who are merely victims of their own traditions. That our labors will result in immense good to the world, and in the speedy destruction of Popery, common sense forbids me to doubt a moment.

Hereupon, Dr. Bulbous asked what they were going to do about the Bibles already in the hands of the heathen. He thought two conflicting Bibles might possibly cause some confusion in the minds of the proselytes. Dr. Ritualist combatted this view by insinuating that no ill results would be apt to follow, if all the stories one heard about those interesting converts were true. Dr. Bulbous considered those remarks ambiguous, when Dr. Ritualist grew offensively explicit, and explained that the heathen put the Bible to every possible use but to read it. Loud expressions of horror and indignation greeted this indiscreet revelation, which forced from his Grace of Canterbury the remarkable confession that he never was so amazed in his life. He was often amazed, but this was the very apex and climax of his amazement. When something like calmness had been restored, Dr. Ritualist asked this question, to wit: "We have shipped tens of millions of Bibles to the heathen, where are the results?" This query brought to the front two most devoted missionary bishops, Dr. Landgrab, of New Zealand, and Dr. Cowrieshell, of South Africa. The former remarked—and such a remark from such a man is a striking proof of the falsity of Dr. Ritualist's

assertion,—that he never was more amazed in his life. He could hardly believe his ears when he heard the deplorable insinuation to which brother Ritualist permitted himself to give such glaring publicity. It was a noted fact, clear as the noon-day sun, that Bible reading among the heathen was not looked upon as a task, but as an attractive amusement. How often has he been delighted to observe a group of scantily-attired members of his flock squatted under a palm tree, bending over a Bible, and roaring with laughter,—so joyous was the effect, and hopeful the promises of the good book! How often has he observed the Bible hanging suspended to a peg by the tent pole with half the leaves torn therefrom, and when he asked the reason, the unsophisticated natives fell to a pleasant grinning, and informed him that the eagerness of their relatives in the back countries impelled them to take a few leaves at a time, while anxiously awaiting the blessed day which would see them in possession of the entire volume! If Dr. Ritualist could only witness the infantile eagerness and real pleasure with which those dusky converts received new bibles every month, he would change his opinion instantly. If he but saw, for one day, the natives who had been promised a reward, or a situation leading into the missionary's presence a fresh inquirer he would, instead of cavilling, shed tears of evangelical joy. The eagerness of those good people for bibles was wonderful. Some came once a week for a copy, having bestowed their previous copy upon some poor, benighted brother. Enemies hinted that they sold them to second-hand book dealers, but, in refutation of such a calumny, let me say that, on inspection of the said second-hand booksellers' stalls, I never found more than three thousand copies at one time. I think that is a sufficient refutation of the charge. Dr. Ritualist may imagine that his question: "Where are the results?" cannot be answered. But I say it can be answered, and triumphantly, too. In my own flourishing diocese, we have had fourteen converts on an average each year, during the last twenty years. Nought is nothing; twice four are eight; twice one are two—two hundred and eighty converts in the comparatively short space of twenty years! Now, ask "Where are the results?" if you dare! [Enthusiastic cheers.] In connection with this subject, I have a remark to make, referring to a very serious subject. I believe there is a canon in our church which strictly forbids any bishop of any church whatever to exercise functions within the limits of our dioceses. Nevertheless, Rome has her prelates in New Zealand, actively and aggressively engaged in proselytising. They have immense congregations everywhere; such is the enchantment of the scarlet woman. The Maoris treat us with scorn, but, I am sorry

to say, reverence and love the Popish clergy. And here I must say, Government in England has not treated us fairly. You are probably aware that it was our custom formerly to acquire, in an amiable and equitable manner, extensive tracts of land as glebe property. Five thousand acres might often be got for a gun and a jug of exhilarating beverage. There was a profound ignorance of the value of land among the benighted natives which our ministers looked upon as providential. I had twenty-four thousand acres myself and others in proportion. Now, the vile Popish propagandists instructed the Maoris as to the real value of their land, and influenced them to demand a reconsideration of our bargains with them. We, of course, refused, but alas! Government sent out insolent, tyrannical and officious commissioners who stripped us of our property, although we offered to compromise the matter by paying for the land at the rate of one penny sterling an acre! Would you believe it? the Aborigenes refused the magnanimous offer with insult and contumely! You talk, my dear brothers, of crosses and trials! alas! if you experienced the anguish, the discouragement, the—the amazement of finding yourself possessed of twenty-four thousand acres to-day, and to-morrow stripped and forlorn, you would appreciate the christian control which I now exercise over my outraged feelings.

So deeply moved were the sympathizing listeners that a large number rushed forward, seized Dr. Landgrab by the hand, and shook it in speechless emotion. Dr. Landgrab looked meek and resigned. "How like a martyr!" exclaimed Dr. Blazes to his neighbor in a loud whisper. "Tyranny of Rome!" exclaimed some. "Soul destroying system of Popery!" growled others. Such were the epithets heaped upon those Roman spies and informers whose gratuitous conspiracy had deprived Dr. Landgrab and his devoted clergy of their glebe property. "What are we coming to," said Dr. Prettyman, almost weeping, "when a Protestant government backs and indorses Romish intrigues!"

HIS GRACE OF CANTERBURY.—Nevertheless, my good brother, it would have been better,—I shall not say honest—to pay a fair price for the Maoris' Land. Even to avoid the imputation of swindling which the enemy might discharge upon your reputation, it would have been wise to have observed some proportion between values.

DR. LANDGRAB.—Your grace, I am—er—I—(Suddenly a novel expression strikes him,)—I am amazed to hear the Anglican Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury indulge in such Jesuitical sophistry. "Proportions of value!" forsooth! And, pray, sir, what proportion of values did your predecessors in the English Sees, from Canterbury and York to Sodor and Man,

observe when they grabbed the property of Rome and grew rich and waxed fat on the confiscated funds of the abbeys and monasteries of England? [Shame! Order! and confusion.] Ah, ah! the boot pinches the wrong corn now! Why, there is not a dollar an Anglican prelate puts into his pocket that was not stolen—I deliberately repeat the word—stolen from the coffers of Rome! [uproar!] And behold! when we in New Zealand imitate, in our small way, the example of our Mother Church we are nothing better than rogues and filchpennies! Away with such—with such—with such—er—Jesuitical sophistry!

DR. COWRIESHELL.—As I am not now speaking for the confusion of the enemy, I may as well confess that African Protestant missions are really, as Dr. Ritualist insinuates, a lamentable failure. A most strange and marvellous anomaly is presented by our negro converts. While they are heathen, they are honest and peaceful, but the moment we bring them to an evangelical, a Gospel state of mind, they commence to steal, like Captain Macheath, and fight and brawl from morning till night. Six times has my communion cup been purloined from the church, and the amount of flogging necessary to recover the vessel is simply appalling. Our converts develop a perfect genius for lying, and as for morality, you might as well look for a field of wheat in the Sahara desert. Our catechists are the worst. Indeed, we are seriously deliberating over the propriety of learning the language of the people ourselves. We have happily distributed a few hundred thousand bibles among them, but one great drawback to their deriving the full benefit of the good book lies in the fact that the negroes cannot read. I think it would greatly improve the moral *status* of our African missions, if the people were taught to read. Such an accomplishment adds materially to the—ah—the practical value of the bibles. I may be mistaken, of course, but such is my opinion.

DR. PRETTYMAN.—It adds very much to the practical value of the bible. I do not see how any man can have the least doubt of it.

DR. RITUALIST.—On the whole, *I* doubt it! If only a few could read the Bible, we should be pestered with less sects. [order! order!] But I shall let the matter drop, for talk will not mend the matter. There is, however, a question of some importance which I would like to ask Dr. Cowrieshell and the other missionary bishops. I have heard that the bishops of coterminous dioceses sadly interfere with one another. For instance, a zealous prelate of five hundred converts is made to do duty for an indolent ordinary of five followers. The latter

is in the habit of inserting his episcopal neighbor's converts into the returns which he sends to the Board of Foreign Missions, and this materially enhances the amount of his pecuniary perquisites. But this is not all. He adds the new chapels of his brother's jurisdiction to his own in the report, and thus inspires more generous offerings, and acquires much fictitious esteem. Moreover, I have heard that some have gone so far as to sow discord between the churches and pastors, in order to attract a large congregation. Can such things be true?

DR. LANDGRAB.—A greater calumny was never invented. [Loud cheers.]

DR. COWRIESHELL.—A greater truth was never asserted. [Loud groans and cries of shame!] May I ask my right reverend brother how many episcopal neighbors has he got?

DR. LANDGRAB.—I have none.

DR. COWRIESHELL.—Ha!—that accounts for it! Now, I *have* neighbors, and truth compels me to say that Dr. Ritualist's picture is not overdrawn. Overdrawn!—it's not a shadow of the real fact. What will you say when I tell you that several scandals, not wholly unconnected with native females, which happened in a diocese contiguous to mine, were put upon our shoulders in a certain episcopal report, and that that wretched calumny is believed against my diocese to this day. We have enough of such peccadilloes at home without being obliged to bear the sins of others. It is the same thing in China, Japan, and the islands of the Pacific. As to the rest, we shall never see the end of scandals until something better than broken-down curates and lay preachers are sent out to us. Our foreign missions should be called ecclesiastical convict settlements rather than portions of the vineyard. [Shame! oh! oh!] You cry "shame!" at the bare mention of such things! what would you say if you witnessed them?

HIS GRACE OF CANTERBURY.—We must suggest two things in our Encyclical Report. 1o. Bishops must not interfere with one another, and 2o. Missionaries must cultivate brotherly feelings. The revelations of Dr. Cowrieshell are amazing, but let us take care and not allow such matters to become public. What would the world say? What would Rome say? We must keep, each of us, his own skeleton carefully concealed in the evangelical cupboard. Religion would suffer from such untimely revelations. If we had better benefices in missionary lands, we should certainly have a superior class of missionaries willing to sacrifice themselves for the heathen. England is full of rectors who would valiantly expatriate themselves, if sure of adequate compensation for their labors. Wives and

offspring are a great but necessary drawback on missionary liberty. It is one of the strongest evidences of Popish cunning that Rome's clergy are not permitted to marry. There is a holy domesticity about our ministers which the Roman priest can never know. What a sublime spectacle it is to see a minister, after a hard day's Gospel work, seated in the bosom of his family, discussing the *physique* of the wet-nurse, or Johnny's trousers, or Kitty's pantalettes! Still, it would be better if missionaries could be prevailed upon not to marry. Could they not get along as well as unmarried soldiers?

DR. BULBOUS.—Is your grace aware of how soldiers who are without wives get along?

HIS GRACE OF C.—I have heard rumours, nothing more; but what then? We must not be too hard upon little amiable obliquities, which are but natural. Moreover, in missionary lands the moral standards are low—remarkably low, my good brethren, which I consider, in a sense, quite providential. Let us be careful not to restrict the boundaries of evangelical liberty. Discretion and tact go a great way in this world. There are some things which we should see: others that we should not. A little touch of Machiavelli is good and wise in things ecclesiastical as well as in politics. *Humanum est errare*; it is human to err. We should—ha! ha!—we should have a little consideration for the poor missionaries, and especially avoid pharasaical judgment. Not, of course, that I dream of conniving at the slightest shadow of wrong-doing. No, no! but *Odia restringenda sunt*; we musn't bend the bow too far. Having said this, I beg to declare this Conference ended. In our next we shall, I doubt not, come to some satisfactory conclusions."

#### CONFERENCE IV.

IN WHICH THE QUESTION OF UNION WITH ORIENTALS, ALITS,  
PHOTIANS, MAHOMEDANS AND BUDDHISTS IS LEFT IN  
A VERY CONFUSED STATE.

*Semper de pace audiendum putari.*—Cicero pro Marcello.—Let us have peace.—U. S. Grant.

"We do not claim to be lords over God's heritage!" exclaimed his grace of Canterbury, at the opening of this important session. "We do not claim to speak with infallible voice. We do not claim to define, declare or impose dogmas. We do not claim obedience to the decisions of this council. We do not claim anything under the sun, and, therefore, we are here assembled to withstand popery, infidelity and the devil!"

After this beautiful expression, his grace soared away into Evangelical regions on ponderous wings and said how thankful we were that Orientals, Alts, Photians, Mahomedans and Buddhists had protested against Rome; how all should be warned against the machinations of the Vatican Council of 1870; how we are orthodox and, therefore, demand no rigid uniformity in doctrine; how all obstacles to a union with the Alts and Orientals might easily be removed by a general appeal to respective chambers for the removal of legislative restrictions; how, in case of refusal, Anglicans should petition the Queen, Germans, the Emperor, Russians, the Tsar, Turks, the Sultan, Persians, the Shah, and Buddhists, the Grand Llama, within the borders of Thibet: how such a universal movement was most practical and pregnant with success; how Evangelicals would rejoice and Rome howl again. "For," quoth he furthermore, "why should we despair of such a glorious union? If we required unity of doctrine or discipline; if we looked for identity of belief, even as to the idea of the Supreme Being; if we demanded uniformity of practice in public worship, then I should despair of ever seeing realized in this world the bright visions of union which dazzles my mind's eye on this auspicious occasion. But, our concessions are broad and we are quite willing to make them broader; we are far from clinging with Romish obstinacy to our Protestant forms: we scorn to raise up barriers of dogma and Gibaltars of doctrine between Anglicanism and those diverse forms of anti-Roman views, which naturally possess a principle of cohesion which we should cultivate with godly zeal. Let us take an extreme case, Buddhism, for instance. What is Buddhism? It is simply a tending to the divinizing of the Me, or, as they call it, the Nirvana. By a pleasant series of transmigrations of the soul one finally arrives at his destiny and is absorbed into the ultimate perfection of one's own being. Thus each rational being becomes his own god. Now, what is there, according to our system of broad Evangelical liberty, to hinder a union between Anglican Protestantism and Buddhist tenets? A few immaterial concessions on our part and lo! the thing is done; we need not analyse too closely the Buddhist doctrine; the Brahmin need not analyse Protestant doctrine too closely; and behold! what beautiful results ensue! We claim variety as the distinctive mark of Protestantism. Could a more pleasing variety exist than that which would follow such a union?"

DR. BULBOUS.—I protest against such a union. We must draw the line somewhere, if we wish to preserve the least remnant of Christianity. I do not object to a union with Buddhists on doctrinal grounds, but simply as a matter of expediency. The Buddhists possess 80,000 sacred books, which they reverence

as much as we do the Bible. Now, just suppose for a moment, if the Buddhists developed a missionary spirit, what a terrible task would be imposed upon their English converts! if we have so many religions as the direct result of squabbling over the text of one Bible, how many, think you, would we have with eighty thousand different bibles? This is a very serious matter, and no union will succeed if we do not consider this difficulty a main factor in the case. Variety is, I admit, a very delightful thing, but we must not allow our eagerness for union to infringe upon our Protestant orthodoxy.

DR. BLAZES.—I think, brother, that you are frightening yourself with groundless alarm. The scheme of union will be a matter for parliamentary action, and of correspondence between the Secretary of India and the Viceroy's Council. All we will have to do will be to wait until the doctrinal difficulties are settled by statute, and then we may act with perfect safety. I trust I may live to see a Brahmin preaching his ancient views in St. Paul's. [Great applause.] What a glorious contrast shall we not then present to the narrow, exclusive spirit of Romanism! O my brothers, we can never be too thankful for our glorious privileges as Protestants!

DR. MISONEGER.—Would it be pushing the principle beyond limits to attempt a union with Voodooism or Fetichism, as practised by the negroes in the Southern States of America and in Africa?

HIS GRACE OF C.—Have they any definitely expressed doctrines, brother?

DR. MISONEGER.—Clearly defined, your grace, and perfectly expressed.

HIS GRACE OF C.—Then let them come in. There is room for all in the spacious bosom of our church.

DR. MISONEGER.—Perhaps it may be as well to explain that, though their doctrines are explicit enough, they worship the devil.

HIS GRACE OF C.—Ah! that's a difficulty. However, try and get a categorical statement of their views, and then we shall be better able to judge. With our beautiful system of doctrinal adjustments, it will be strange if we cannot hedge up with compromises into a strong and lasting union with that interesting form of worship."

After this point had been settled, the case of the Mahomedans was introduced by Dr. Distinguo. He had a very great admiration of the fervor which Mussulmans, whom he had encountered in his Oriental peregrinations, displayed during the Rhamadan and other public festivals. He was deeply impressed with the conviction that a religion which compelled a man to

abstain from liquor could not possibly be false. It is strange, he continued, that our temperance societies fail to see the beauty of the Mahomedan system, whose principal tenet they hold with true Mussulman zeal. Wine is from the devil! cries the follower of the Prophet. Wine is from the devil! exclaim our temperance trumpets. A charming coincidence, which proves that Mahomedanism must have some foundation in the nature of things, and nature, you know, is universal. Their hatred of bells and music in their *mosques* would edify a true blue disciple of John Knox. Dr. Ritualist at this point interrupted the speaker, and asked him what he thought of Mahomedan polygamy. Dr. Distinguo replied that that was a mere matter of detail, and should never stand in the way of Union. Abraham, Solomon and others were polygamists, and hence it would be a queer inconsistency if Bible christians should be scandalized at so ancient a social custom. Dr. Ritualist hinted that polygamy, which had only been a tolerated custom, had been abolished by the New Law. But Dr. Distinguo ingeniously remarked that the Mussulmans rejected the New Testament, and, hence, they possessed their liberty in the premises. Dr. Bulbous asseverated that polygamy was essentially opposed to Protestantism, and *vice versa*, unto which Dr. Ritualist replied that the founders of Protestantism, Luther, Melancthon & Co., differed from Dr. Bulbous, witness the Landgrave Louis of Hesse and his two wives, which those admirable doctors permitted the prince to retain at one and the same time. Dr. Bulbous looked profoundly disgusted, but said nothing. Here his Grace of Canterbury interposed, with much cheerfulness, that as the Mussulman aspect of the question was settled satisfactorily, they might, if they pleased, pass to a consideration of the Russian Church.

DR. THINPICKINGS.—As I have travelled recently in Russia, I may be permitted, I hope, to offer a few remarks on the subject of union with the Russian Church. I think it extremely possible that such a union will be utterly impossible. Why, sirs, believe me, the Russians are a thousand times more bigoted than the Romans! The Catholics pity us, so they say; the Russians hate us with an acidity that may be called Tartaric. The Romans will argue their claims kindly, and listen to an opponent with courtesy. The Russians merely stare contemptuously, or turn on their heel and stride away. Whithersoever I went while in Italy, whether to monastery, or church, or museum, I was treated with great respect and deference. I was repeatedly constrained by hospitality to partake of dinner at a monastery. [A whisper:—"machinations of Popery!"] Private libraries were thrown open to me, and, in fact, I was better treated than I have ever been in

the Bodleian or the British Museum. It would be unjust if I did not testify on all occasions to the christian affability and attention I always received in Italy. [Another whisper :—"O those Jesuits!"] When I was entering Russia, I was full of pleasant anticipations. "If," said I to myself, "I have been so well received in Italy which, divines of our church assure me, is groaning in slavery—although I neither heard groaning nor saw slavery, as far as my personal experience goes—what brotherly kindness will those good Russians not lavish upon me, when they learn that I am an Anglican bishop and therefore a blood relation of their own Photian Church. No overcome were my feelings by the picture I imagined of their tenderness and regard, that I hurried as fast as I could to a monastery just about dinner time and, announcing my character, asked present admission. A few minutes after the great, growling porter had retired with my message, there poured into the dingy stone hall a perfect cataract of great, growling monks, extremely filthy, with long tangled hair, matted beards and rolling blood-shot eyes, smelling dreadfully of brandy or *vodka* as I think they call it, and looking very much as if they were intoxicated. In spite of these unfavorable appearances, I opened my arms to receive, as I fondly imagined, a cordial embrace. What I *did* get was very cordially given, but it was not an embrace. One of the wretches—for so I must term them—fetched me a blinding thump on my right eye, another struck me on the left, while a third—a herculean villain—dealt me a blow upon the mouth which deprived me of the teeth which you, my dear brothers, may see for yourselves are wanting in my jaws. [Groans on all sides.] Their roars were hideous; the only word I could catch distinctly was "*Rascolnik!*" which means, as I afterwards learnt, "heretic." In less time than it has taken me to relate this dreadful experience, I found myself, confused, bleeding and shattered, outside the monastery gate, with all my pleasant illusions vanished and gone. I rushed to the city authorities with my complaint, but, instead of giving me a hearing, they demanded my passport, and that hour I was hustled to the frontier by four brutal soldiers, who told me, with a grin, that if I was ever caught again in Russia, they would skin me alive! Under these circumstances, you will pardon me if I express my doubts as to the feasibility of union with the Russian Church. Even were such union possible, I do not—I really do *not* think it would be advisable or becoming, after the very peculiar evidences of good-will they offered to me—to *me*, an episcopal representative of the Anglican Protestant Church!

DR. BULBOUS.—Perhaps, Brother Thinpickings, those ferocious ascetics mistook you for a Popish bishop!

DR. THINPICKINGS.—Not at all; for in order to impress upon the mind of the porter my sterling Protestant principles, I struck with my umbrella a cross which, somehow or other, stood over the doorway. My knowledge of the Slavic tongue being limited; I took that means of making an impression on the porter.

DR. MACGRIGGS.—And ye did, brother; doubt it not; ye *did* make an impression on the porter, as subsequent demonstrations manifestly proved. Why, man, were ye ignorant of the fact, that the Russian Church honors the cross the same as the Romans? Faix, ye were lucky to get off with a healthy back, a'm thinkin'! [Uneasiness.]

The council was of opinion that the indiscreet zeal of Brother Thinpickings and the rude penalty paid therefor, could not be interpreted as likely to exercise a baneful influence upon any negotiation for union with the Russian Church. The healthiest sign about that church was that the emperor was its all; that the church was completely absorbed in the state. Here was an admirable point of contact for a union with the Anglican establishment. Like was attached by like, and mutual compromises would be made on both sides. The Anglican Church really admitted no sacraments; the Muscovite establishment held seven. Nevertheless the council was of opinion that this little difference could be easily settled. The fact that Anglicanism denied the Seven Sacraments was a negative admission of their existence, and this, it was contended, was amply sufficient for all practical purposes.

Dr. Thinpickings was of opinion that the Russians were lamentably deficient in that brotherly love and christian forbearance which lend such a charm to western civilization, and, Heaven forbid! that their objectionable kind of polemics should even obtain a foothold in the Anglican Church. It was a bad sign when a man's readiest metaphor was his fist or a cudgel. For his part he was determined to give the Russians a wide berth, union or no union. Their Church stood sadly in need of an emolient. When monks looked and acted like bandits, we should be cautious in seeking an alliance with a system which produces them. He spoke not from personal consideration but on the broad principle of common prudence. Union is not strength when it allies us with the wicked. Dr. Blazes thought that all efforts looking to union with the Muscovite Church would prove nugatory for three reasons: 1o.—The Tsar would never permit that a great Russian State machine should take a step that would involve foreign alliances independent of imperial

control. 2o.—The Russian Metropolitans, Archimandrites and the higher clergy generally think as the Tsar, for they are nothing but State officers, and 3o.—Neither the Tsar nor the Russian Church want any alliance with us. For these reasons, continued Dr. Blazes, I have my doubts as to the possibility of union with the Russians. Hence, I think it rather absurd to be arguing points of dogmatic contact with these facts staring us in the face.

The Council unanimously rejected these pessimist views and vigorously affirmed that, doubtless, something providential would turn up which would speedily remove every obstacle to a deep and lasting union. The Anglican Church was extremely anxious for a union and the Conference was sure the Muscovites would, in time, reciprocate the kindly desire, and when that "consummation devoutly to be wished for" arrived, the union would be *un fait accompli*. We must be content to move slowly, Fifteen or sixteen hundred years of the Christian era had elapsed before Protestantism had arrived at that degree of development which rendered it visible to mankind. Let us be practical above all things.

DR. DISTINGUO.—I do not desire for an instant to throw cold water on this noble movement, but I wish to ask what was the nature of the response which the Greek Patriarch sent in reply to the Anglican appeal for union.

HIS GRACE OF C.—Very unsatisfactory, indeed. But we must recollect that the movement was at that time in a very crude state. Since then we have made an encouraging advance. As to the patriarch's epistle, truth compels me to say that it was not only discouraging, but, verily, of a contumelious nature. The holy man called us nothing more nor less than blinded heretics—pursuers of phantoms—and ripe for the pit, with several other grievous epithets, which did little honor or credit to his christian piety or liberality.

DR. FARRAGO DE BOSHON.—May I ask your grace what kind of an "encouraging advance" have we made since that unworthy missive was received?

HIS GRACE OF C.—Well, we have written another letter about a year ago, and, as the patriarch has not as yet replied thereunto, we consider the delay an encouraging sign, according to the old proverb that "no news is good news." And now, his grace went on, as we have settled this question most satisfactorily, we shall consider, in fine, a plan of union with Dr. Dollinger's party of Alt-Catholics.

DR. RITUALIST.—Before touching the Alts, I wish to say a few words referring to this scheme of Russian union. I do not like it; nay, I abhor it! I would much rather unite with the Comanche or Cheyenne Indians of the American wilds, than

with those infamous persecutors and tyrants who govern the Russian Church. There is no page of Nero or Domitian more horrible than the modern system of church proselytism of Russia. The Poles are scourged to speak Russian—scourged to say prayers in Russian—scourged to death if they will not enter Russian temples. The atrocious tyrants, whose brutal cruelty has never been surpassed in the persecuting annals of heathen Rome, add hypocrisy to their other vices. They set themselves up as champions of the christian subjects of the Sultan, and, yet, I swear, the Turk never equalled the Muscovite's cruelty toward the christian! The Turks of the age of Amurat could teach a lesson of humanity to the Muscovites under Alexander II. The Russian Church policy is selfish, unjust, heartless, devilish! The idea of uniting the poor, mild, harmless Church of England with this persecuting monster, is a very Blue Beardish kind of an affair. The Muscovite church is like its monks, as described by Dr. Thinpickings, tangled, ferocious, dirty and blood-shot of eye. I would prefer to see a dove united to an anaconda—a rattlesnake—than to see Anglicanism extend the right hand of fellowship to the Muscovite! Let the Russian Church—if one may properly call it a church—work out whatever destiny is in store for it, beneath its own pitiless, cold, northern skies, emblematic of her spirit and policy. Such a system may be perfectly adapted to a semi-barbarous people like the Russians, but it is not in unison with western polity. The Russian Church is merely a State Bureau, perfectly indifferent to dogmas or moral, and satisfied if it please the emperor, irrespective of every law human and divine. I would prefer a union with the Kafirs, rather than one with such a nation of brutes, from emperor to peasant!—from lord to serf!”

Somebody asked Dr. Ritualist if he was aware the Poles were mere papists, and, moreover, if it was exactly consistent for an Anglican Protestant bishop to fiercely stigmatize a policy of church rule when Russian, which he applauded when English. Dr. Ritualist asked what English church rule was like the Russian? The objector mentioned Elizabeth and the Catholics.

Dr. Ritualist was amazed at the unnatural comparison. It is true Elizabeth used fire and faggot—the maiden, the hoop, the boot and the rack—hanging, disemboweling and quartering—mutilating and decapitating, but we must never forget that all these things were done for very humane and Evangelical reasons. The Church of England was just started in life and, therefore, stood in need of two things, recruits and money. I admit the treatment of recusants was somewhat harsh; but why did they not obey the Queen and Parliament and thus escape all penalties?

I am sure there is not one of us here present who would not consider himself in conscience bound to embrace the religion of his ruler, if the monarch threatened the alternative of poverty and death. [Applause.] Besides, the Anglican Church had no money and the papists had. So, when they refused to give up their hoards, what remained but to take it from them? Indeed I see nothing but tender humanity in Elizabeth's policy toward the catholics. Our establishment having taken their means of living, was it not humane in Elizabeth to furnish them with the means of dying. Surely death is better by the rope than hunger, cold, and exposure! Let us do justice to a queen whose virtues have been a model for the Anglican Protestant establishment even unto this day. If we were in the habit of producing saints, I know of no human creature more entitled to the *aureole* than Queen Bess, that is, from a Protestant standpoint. [Tremendous applause.]

His Grace of Canterbury was, he need not say, highly delighted with the words which had just fallen from the lips of Dr. Ritualist. As the Right Rev. Dr.'s views were well known as peculiarly sympathetic with the wrong side of the Machonachie-Tooth—St Alban's business, his grace was especially pleased with his very just and common sense defence of a Queen who was—if he might be pardoned for dropping into poetry,—a 'bright, occidental star, beaming gently from afar, lusty and fiery red like the great god Mars!' and a great deal more besides, which did not occur to his memory at present. But though his defence was ingenious it did not, he begged to say, cover the whole question. As a good deal of discussion had been engendered by Protestant claims of Primitive Christianity, his Grace, while lying awake last night listening to the peaceful snoring of Mrs. Canterbury, or, mayhap, the distant squalling of the latest Archiespiscopal duodecimo, bound in napkins, had been struck by a happy—a providential thought. He came to the solemn conviction—was it an inspiration?—that the Popes of the three first centuries WERE PROTESTANT!!! He had been reading up a work on the exoteric and esoteric doctrines of the Egyptians, and he had no doubt that the Popes of the three first centuries held Protestantism as the esoteric form of religious truth, while the exoteric teaching was only permitted, in the form of Popery, to the exterior world. I think that our claims to the Primitive Church are thereby rendered clear as the noon-day sun. Now, such being the case, we simply resumed possession of our own property when we confiscated the goods and chattels, the silver, gold and precious stones, the abbey lands and churches, at the epoch of the glorious reformation. [Enthusiastic cheers.]

DR. DISTINGUO.—This is a splendid discovery! This is provi-

dential! The popes of the three first centuries esoterically Protestant! Our Lambeth Alexander has surely cut the Gordian knot! A good deal of knowledge has come from Egypt, but I am free to say, so pregnant a hint was never before suggested, even by the sphinx or the pyramids! I have always been of opinion that there was a confusion of ideas respecting that church primitive, but now a luminous ray has dispelled the darkness which enveloped it. My brothers, if our Conference has no other result than this, our labors shall not have been in vain! [Profound emotion.]

DR. FARRAGO DE BOSHON.—Shall we, then, henceforth claim the popes of the first three centuries as our own?

HIS GRACE OF C.—Ah—ah—well, we had better be cautious and move slowly. We must first establish the existence of an esoteric doctrine, and then prove that the popes held such doctrine. When the commission for the revision of the bible has finished its labors, might it not give a few months to a careful investigation of this most important question? What a glorious victory for us could we demonstrate the Protestantism of the popes of the three first centuries! It would be the Waterloo of Popery. [Cheers.]

The Council with much unanimity agreed that it would be the Waterloo of Popery, and the interesting discussion dropped. The Alt Catholic movement was then taken up. Dr. MacGriggs was proud to say that he had been honored by a correspondence with the renowned Dr. Dollinger, referring to a remarkable discovery made by a zealous young curate of his (Dr. MacGriggs) which proved conclusively that St. Patrick was a Protestant. [Cheers.] While strolling through a sequestered churchyard, the Rev. Mr. Magpy, the aforesaid zealous curate, found an ancient tombstone, with the letters "N.....ORA.....O.....AN....." The inscription was as old as the fifth century and, therefore, contemporay with Patrick. Now, just fill up that sentence with the letters that are wanting and what do we find? Why this:—"NON ORA PRO ANIMA!" *Don't pray for the soul of him or her whose body lay beneath.* [General clapping of hands.] As Dr. Dollinger is a famous ecclesiastical historian, with a leaning to Byzantine facts, as reliable as a speech of Livy's, I hastened to consult him about the stone and its inscription. We interchanged seventy-four letters on the subject—the learned metaphysical antiquarian societies of Germany took the matter up, and, I am proud to state that that inscription has been the prolific mother of fourteen quarto volumes, written in High German, full of profundity and amazing erudition. All agree that the inscription is conclusive of Patrick being a Protestant. Mr. Magpy informed me, just before I started for this confer-

ence, that a vile vagabond tinker, named Mickey McCann swore roundly that the stone marked his grandmother's grave, and that the legend had been carved by his own father, whose filial love was greater than his artistic skill, to judge by the lettering which was very rude. He, the tinker, informed Mr. Magpoy further that his grandmother's name was Nora McCann and that if he did not restore the stone to its original place, he would have the law of him forthwith. Mr. Magpoy prudently returned the slab, when to his surprise, the tinker drew up a portion of the stone which had been broken off, in removing the top part, and lo! and behold! there were the words "Pray for her soul!"

aring my zealous curate in the face. I have no doubt the Papists put the additional piece there, but nevertheless I have not mentioned the fact to Dr. Dollinger, as he might suspect that I had been humbugging him.

DR. BULBOUS.—Now, what idea has Brother MacGriggs of this assembly, when he brings forth such Milesian absurdities for our edification? Would St. Patrick have ever written "Non ora?" But, let us drop such puerilities; they may serve to raise a laugh, but no good purpose.

DR. MACGRIGGS.—What? what? Don't you believe my story? Why, sir, the stone is there this minute, and, more betoken, if it please the doubting, I can get Mickey McCann, who tells the circumstance better than I can, over here in a couple of days! I merely wanted to show the universality of Dr. Dollinger's genius, and how worthy he was of the confidence of this council. As a theologian we must rank him with Stillingfleet, who was only second to Chillingworth, the judicious Hooker, Paley and Joanna Southcote. He is as imaginative as Foxe, as versatile as Cranmer and as proud as John Knox. He is a polemical Goethe without the poet's faith; he is as fond of raising ghosts and making them dance as Heinrich Heine; he is as transcendental a dreamer as Richter and, I am informed, he blows as skilful a horn as Monsieur Julien himself. No man ever understood church history till he came, and, no man will understand church history after him, because his ecclesiastical vaticinations are too profoundly apocalyptical for any intelligence beneath that awful *nous* appertaining to Dr. Dollinger. He expected to bring Germany to that point that when he shook his Olympian head the pillars of the land would tremble. And he would have attained his object were Germany less pig-headed and obtuse, O the great Dr. Dollinger! the immortal Dr. Dollinger! and he can play the fiddle, too, and, eke, blow upon the horn! A great man, my brothers, and a wise! Pity 'tis, he is not properly appreciated!—but such is ever the

fate of illimitable genius. If the Anglican Church can only get united with Dr. Dollinger, her fortune is made."

DR. RITUALIST.—I should like to be sure that Brother MacGriggs is in earnest in eulogizing Dr. Dollinger. I have never had a very high idea of the German professor. Some authorities, profoundly versed in current ecclesiastical affairs in Germany, are of opinion that Dr. Dollinger's schism from Rome was largely due to the fact that the Pope uniformly rejected his candidature for the episcopacy. I have always suspected his motive. He made himself the mouthpiece of a certain half-concealed, half expressed antagonism to Rome which had been for a century lurking in the minds of a portion of German professorhood. He thought he would be able to draw after him such men as Hefele, Strossmayer, and others of influence and weight. But he was mistaken, and found, when too late, that his swelling self-conceit had ruined him. He is not a Protestant in our sense of the word; he is simply a soured, disappointed man who has had a rude awakening from an ambitious dream. He promised Bismarck more than he could perform, and that statesman cordially detests the man who led him into a line of policy from which he must retrograde if he wish to save the empire which he created. We have nothing to gain from an alliance with the Alt Catholics, even were the permanency of that sect assured. But the few priests who lent themselves to Dollinger's schemes have almost all gone back to Rome, striking their breasts and groaning "*mea culpa*." In a few months "Alt Catholics" will be but a name. Indeed, it was an irreflective fussing over them which gave Dollinger's party a momentary importance which it never merited. Before I sit down, let me add further that I think it would be wiser for us to seek to bind up the divisions rending our own bosom, than to talk over chimerical plans of union with outsiders who can bring us no strength. Just listen to what one of our own ministers says about Protestantism:

"What have three hundred years of Protestantism—the abandonment of the Church for the private opinion of the individual—done for the world; and what has been the triumph of "Gospel teaching" and "an open Bible?" It has alienated millions from the Church, and imperilled or destroyed their eternal salvation. It has made Germany infidel, Switzerland socialist, the British Isles a happy hunting ground for schism and dissent, and has left the home of the Pilgrim Fathers a propaganda for Mormonism, free love and all uncleanness. Where once was peace and unity in the human family, they are "welcoming like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get his head above the others." It has been the dread Pan-

dora's box, setting free the demons of lust, selfishness and avarice."

DR. DISTINGUO.—I suppose our right rev. brother can give us the name of that clergyman.

DR. RITUALIST.—Rev. W. A. Johnson, in a book intituled: *For Populi aut Dei*.

DR. BOANERGES.—Why, that's one of the Ritualists,—the hearers of confessions, and advocates of lights and statues! I have some respect for the Romanists: they are, at least, consistent, but this Ritualism disgusts and sickens me! If they are sincere why don't they cease playing at Popery, and go over to Rome like men who possess the courage of their convictions? But, no: catch them at any course so honest and creditable! They are Catholics with Protestants, and Protestants with Catholics. They erect their little pretences of altars; they arrange their artificial flowers—not half as artificial as their own sincerity—they light their candles and don their vestments, which cover no priesthood, and then, if criticized, they whine forth a lamentable jeremiad that they are not left alone, the poor dear martyrs! If Rome, as she always does, laughs at their fantastic flower-pots and two-penny "dips," they assault her with more virulence than we ever used; if our church authorities attempt to put an estoppel upon their absurd theatricals, they wriggle and twist and turn and glide from one hole into another, and take advantage of every legal technicality which their pettifogging advocates invent, in order to escape the just penalties of their disobedience. But they are strictly orthodox—vehemently Protestant—in their hold on their establishment benefices. And it is here that their dishonesty is most palpably glaring. If they have, as they say, rejected Protestantism, why do they not cease living off Protestantism? Why not give up the flesh-pots of that Anglican Egypt from which they are so eager to escape? It is strange that such celestial beings should have such a loose hold of orthodoxy and such a tight grip on the purse. Those reverend pantomimes are evidently a sordid crew; worse, a thousand times, than ordinary dissenters.

Now these were "grave 'ords," and British Fluellen never crammed down Ancient Pistol's throat a more bitter leak than was this pointed shaft of Dr. Boanerges to the stomachs of the Ritualists. Those of the prelates who had a weakness for flowers and chasubles, but who had not openly avowed their true love, eyed the orator with anything but a friendly glance. On the other hand, those who thought with Dr. Boanerges on the subject lifted up their voices so applaudingly, that the welkin rang again, which course on their part added to the swelling bile of

their arabesque opponents, and speedily brought about the bitterest discussion of the Conference.

DR. RITUALIST.—Brother Boanerges has treated this assembly to an edifying *pot-pourri*, or *olla podrida* of choice Christian epithets. [Order! order!] I *am* in order, but others are out of order. "Playing at Popery," "honesty," "lamentable jeremiad," "two-penny dips," "absurd theatricals," "pettifogging advocates," "celestial beings," "reverend pantomimes," "sordid crew!" Here's nice language for a very right reverend father of the Anglican Church as established by law. [Order!] What would Dr. Boanerges say if I retorted upon him and his supporters every one of these epithets, and claimed that they were richly merited in every case? [Order! shame!] What, pray, are the sublime services which the majority of our bishops render to the cause of religion and morality in this realm? What proportion is there between these services and the hundreds of thousands of pounds which they pocket, with meek resignation, every year? But yesterday the church was disestablished in Ireland; take care that our own turn do not come to-morrow! [Fearful agitation.] When the vast mass of the English people, who despise our establishment, are seeking for a pretext by which they may cast the Old Man of the Mountains off their shoulders, it is, to say the least, purblind folly to manifest our utter disunion by a chattering, gabbling, quibbling display of inane orthodoxy and by grossly insulting the honest convictions of better men than ourselves. [Uproar and confusion.] Because others desire to lift Anglicanism out of the mire of State slavery and doctrinal contradictions, they are "playing at Popery." It is easy for those who have no convictions beyond the divine institution of big salaries for sinecures to call opprobrious names. But, I shall speak plainly, those who are "playing at Popery" are playing a game that shall eventually win! If we had never turned our backs on what you call "Popery," we should not present to the pitying contempt of Christendom the abject spectacle of a be-aproned, be-wigged, be-shovel-hatted slavery calling itself a hierarchy and a successor to the Apostles! [Several prelates start up, laboring under great excitement, and then sit down again.] Are there two bishops in this assembly who can look at one another, without experiencing something of that peculiar sensation which is attributed by Cicero to the aurispices of his time? [Order! Put him—order!] In the good old times of Roman ascendancy, a bishop who would use such language as we have just listened to, would have been relegated to the calm shades of a monastery, favorable to cool reflection and penance.

DR. BOANERGES.—It is a pity our venerable brother cannot send me to a monastery now.

DR. RITUALIST.—No, Sir, I would never send you to such a retreat, for the spirit of charity and religion would fly from it the moment you entered therein.

DR. MACGRIGGS.—'A thought this conference was to be concerning union with everybody, especially ourselves. Am sorry I didn't bring a few of my Irish friends with me, do ye mind, they could have furnished our right rev. brothers with beautiful shillelaghs [Shame!], and a shillelagh is one of the most convincing figures of speech in the whole range of rhetoric. [Renewed discontent.]

DR. PRETTYMAN.—I have come all the way from Canada to hear a terrible onslaught on the whole Anglican episcopate, and I must say that if I heard such an—an—yes, I *will* say it—such an atrocious speech delivered by a person whom I did not know to be a bishop of the church, I should say at once: "a jesuit! a jesuit! beware of him!" My feelings are harrowed; a poignant anguish fills my soul; my emotions are extreme; my—

DR. MISONEGER.—That's what we call self-analysis in the Southern States. I've often heard a venerable old darkey roaring upon the repentance stool just such a self-dissection. I merely use the coincidence as an illustration, nothing more. It merely interests one as showing how high and low nature run in similar grooves. Now, brothers, I will be frank with you; what is the use of all this talk about Dullinker and the Halts, whatever they may mean? Talk of union with 'em! why, you might as well discuss the advisability of union with the Digger or the Flathead Indians. You won't unite with 'em, take my word for it. I think it is a lowering of ourselves to seek a union with men who couldn't keep their situations in their own church. It jeopardizes our own respectable positions. Why are we always running about the world looking for union with something or somebody? You don't find *them* running after us and begging to be united. Doesn't this eternal pursuit of union inspire Rome with the argument that Anglican consciences are very ill at ease, in spite of lofty boasts and resounding Gospel phraseology? Wait till they come to us, then it will be time enough to fall to cutting one another's throats about the matter. And, if we wait till they come, we'll have to settle the matter on the wrong side of Gabriel's trumpet, not before.

His Grace of Canterbury was of opinion that there might be a good deal in what Dr. Misoneger said, and that probably the best and wisest inscription on the banner of union would be:

*Festina lente*, hasten slowly. Moreover, union was not urgent, seeing that, though essentially divided on all questions of dogma, moral and discipline, all parts of Protestantism were as one in determined opposition to popery, and that, after all, was the main point. He would implore his respected brothers to lay aside a slight crudescence or acerbity observable during this debate on union. Of course, he need not say, coercion was impossible in the Anglican Protestant Church. Hold what views you please, but avoid personal disunion as far as possible. We must not be dogmatical; we must be prepared to yield any opinion if it interferes with our own or our brother's comfort. Any discussion that might interfere with digestion or sleep, should be carefully avoided. Let us have as little mortification of mind and body as possible. Let us always so live on this earth that we may never object to meet one another at dinner. [Applause.] If the world does not wish to unite with us, so much the worse for the world. I could find it in my heart to embrace—figuratively speaking, of course—even those Digger Indians, mentioned by my honored brother, Dr. Misoneger—embrace them as a portion of the great brotherhood of man, and I would wish to send missionaries to convert them all——”

DR. MISONEGER.—They are converted already. They are all Papists! [Groans.]

HIS GRACE OF C.—Then I leave them to their fate, poor, benighted wretches! Tell me, brother Misoneger, are Diggers very low in the scale of civilization?

DR. MISONEGER.—Horribly low——

HIS GRACE OF C.—Ah! those Papists!

DR. MISONEGER.—Horribly low sometime ago. Almost as low as your English miners and farm laborers. But the Jesuits have just revolutionized 'em.

Dr. Distinguo emphatically denounced such a comparison, doing, as it did, such vast injustice to the pious, [cheers] the enlightened, [renewed cheers] the humane miners and peasantry of our favored land! [Great applause.] Dr. Misoneger extracted a book from his pocket, from which he proceeded to quote certain statistics highly unfavorable to the pious, enlightened, humane miners and peasantry of our native land. Fifty *per cent* had no knowledge of God, but they know all about “t’other fellow.” One had informed our enquirer, not wholly unconnected with a white choker, that no one of the name of Christ worked in that mine. And when the aforesaid inquirer mounted a box to enlighten them on the subject, another specimen of the pious, enlightened, humane laborers of our favored land roared out: — “Bill, ‘eave an ‘arf brick at ‘im!” which was a remote hint that hey would excuse the inquirer from ministering unto them.

These untimely revelations excited divers modes of dissent among the prelates assembled, one of whom ended a long speech in refutation of the calumny by quoting that beautiful, fresh and original line :—" England ! with all thy faults, I love thee still." To which Dr. Misoneger replied he had no objection, but, still, truth was truth, and rounded his concluding remarks with the apt classical observation :—" *Fiat justitia : ruat cælum !*"—let justice be done, though the heavens fall !

Thus ended the Conference, and after a short but eloquent prayer, the assembled fathers dispersed.

## CONFERENCE V.

IN WHICH THE IMPORTANT MATTER OF SOUP IS DISCUSSED

*Jus publicum.*—Soup Houses !

The methods by which the great system of proselytism and conversion has been carried on in the Anglican and other portions of the Church Protestant, are very worthy of profound study. At first and in the full force of our earlier Protestantism, the rope, the axe, the knife and the stake were very effective, but when Phillip II began to imitate our godly example, nothing remained for us but to publish Foxe's Book of Martyrs, and to denounce the Inquisition with evangelical fervor. For, who gave a mean Spaniard the right to assume the privileges which appertained solely to British Kings and Queens ? Could not our saintly Henry, our pure Elizabeth, and all the rest of them, chop off Papists' heads without tyrannical Spaniards burning poor, inoffensive Protestants, who only wanted to overthrow the religion, and consequently the throne of Spain ? When we compare the tender mercy and evangelical mildness which attended the introduction of Protestantism into England with the barbarous cruelty which accompanied its rejection from Spain, France and other benighted lands, our hearts swell within us with conflicting emotions of joy and woe.

The heroic age of Anglican Protestantism passed—its first fervor died away—the axe grew rusty and Smithfield's fires were extinguished, and Popery breathed once more. Lord George Gordon, a pious hero, Titus Oates, one of the glories of Protestantism and the most lovable character in English history, were merely individual opponents of what had been a regular system of Anglican Protestant policy, and hence churchmen of all shades and views linger tenderly over the history of those two

eminent landmarks of a robust age, and wish and sigh and sing very much in the vein of the Irish bard :—

“ Let churchmen remember the days of old,  
Ere faithless Oxford betrayed 'em ;  
When Anglicans were blessed with livings and gold,  
And tithes crushed the Papists who paid 'em.”

Then we come to 1829, and that most deplorable and wretched Relief Bill, which was the severest blow but one that our church has received in this backsliding century, the worst disaster being the Disestablishment of the Irish branch by that—that—O words to stigmatize him !—that Protean Gladstone, who is now doing vain penance for the deed in anti-Vatican pamphlets. But it is too late—too late ! Mount he the Protestant horse till his head brush the stars, the niche we had prepared for him in the Anglican temple of fame shall know him—nevermore. He will die a Papist, perhaps a Jesuit !!!

The fathers on this occasion entered into a most interesting and learned discussion touching soup as a great moral influence, and, strange to say, the succulent fluid was generally admitted, especially by the Irish doctors, to be a much more powerful evangelical engine than even King James' version of the Bible. A second-hand coat, a pair of breeches or stout boots, were admitted to exercise a certain elevating, or illuminating influence on the mind of the sincere searcher after truth, but those useful articles had to succumb to the magical effects of soup. Tyburn had failed ; Lord George Gordon had failed ; Titus Oates had failed ; penal legislation had failed ; elaborate tracts had failed. The victory was reserved for soup.

“ I would like to hear the experiences of some of the right reverend prelates on this absorbing subject,” quoth his Grace of Canterbury, “ I am sure there must be some mysterious influence in soup as a proselytizing agent. Would our good brother MacGriggs favor the Council with his views.

DR. MACGRIGGS.—Your Grace, I'm flattered, 'am sure, and truth compels me to say that if I am not posted on soup, as a means of conversion from the errors of Popery to those of the Anglican Protestant Church, then no man is. I believe that nothing convinces an obstinate man quicker than soup. Take, for instance, a case in point. A hungry vagabond comes to you and wishes to argue p'intns of difference in religion. Talk till you are hoarse, and he will fail to see your argument in its true light. Give him a good quantity of soup, and the case is ended. In the plate of soup he discovers beauties in Protestantism which the closest logic failed to unfold. I have found whiskey go a good way in producing conviction, but, for ordinary practical results, nothing can take the place of

soup. At the first spoonful, the catechumen is sturdily polemical; at the twentieth he listens to reason; when he can swallow no more, light begins to dawn upon his mind, and a glass of reeking punch—Glenlivat, I've usually found best—clinches the argument and sends him off rejoicing in his new religion. Speaking of punch reminds me of a striking peculiarity I have witnessed at different times. After one glass of punch the recruit is usually High Church—after two he descends to Broad Church principles—when three or four more have disappeared he becomes intensely Low Church in his views,—while every additional glass after that develops a rather riotous and menacing species of Popery. I suppose it is an illustration of the old French saying:—

“Toujours nous revenons à nos premiers amours!”

[Several fathers look at each other and shake their heads significantly.]

DR. BLAZES.—Are there any different results in different kinds of soup, Brother MacGriggs?

DR. MACGRIGGS.—Most certainly! I never furnish a fat and solid soup, because long experience leads me to the conclusion that a thin article ensures permanency of belief in the convert.

DR. DISTINGUO.—That's very singular! May I ask why?

DR. MACGRIGGS.—Why, don't you see, brother, thin soup keeps the proselyte on a starvation footing, and so keeps him amenable to discipline! Musha, it's as plain as a pike-staff!

This interesting fact caused a long conversation, in which views favorable to fat or to thin soup were exchanged, all finally agreeing, however, that Dr. MacGriggs' theory was most ingenious and deserving of much praise. Some argued that the soup feeds of our times were a modern form of the ancient Agape or Love feast, holden in the earlier years of the Primitive Church, but Dr. Prettyman refuted this supposition by clearly showing that they were different altogether, inasmuch as the Primitive bishops do not make the faintest allusion to soup in their various apologies for christian faith, and, moreover, the soup banquets of to-day were anything but love feasts, as Dr. MacGriggs no doubt could amply testify. Dr. Boanerges thought that there must have been soup disquisitions in antiquity, for the edicts of emperors were often called *jussiones principales*, evidently hinting at soup. Moreover, Tertullian cries out suspiciously:—“*Confingant tale hæretici!*” which I have often imagined, said he, referred to heretical efforts to concoct a soup as efficacious as the orthodox and evangelical articles.

DR. MACGRIGGS.—There is one soup which I carefully avoid furnishing inquirers, and that is, pea soup. Being a windy

or flatulent article of diet, I have always found that interminable controversies followed among those who partook of it. Grave, silent persons, after a bowl thereof, would grow flippant and polemical, quoting Scripture like a methodist bawler, and standing up defiantly for what they called "their principles." I would strongly recommend a soup of bread and cabbage as an excellent sedative for pugnacious proselytes. Of course, beef should never be omitted on account of Friday, but the quantity should be very small. I generally contrive to make one bone do duty for several boilers of soup. The recruits, not being used to beef, take the meat for granted when they see the bone.

**HIS GRACE OF CANTERBURY.**—This is a very important matter, and should receive more consideration from us here in England than it does. Hitherto we have been somewhat remiss in studying the peculiarities of soup as a converting and restraining agent. I begin to suspect that had we employed soup instead of discussion, the hundreds of nobles, knights, clergymen and ladies who have gone over to Rome would have been saved to Anglican Protestantism. In England, the stomach is a very powerful factor in shaping our political, social and religious convictions. The greatest effects sometimes lie hidden in the simplest causes. I think we might improve the moral tone of our church by establishing soup-kitchens in connection with our vestries, and supplementing evangelical dispute by a generous distribution thereof.

This suggestion struck the assembly as eminently practicable, and several fathers there and then resolved to initiate soup-kitchens the moment they reached their homes. Dr. Ritualist asked who would keep the pot boiling, to which his Grace replied,—the faithful. "For my part," said his Grace, "I shall be always willing to give my pound or two to so deserving an object." Dr. MacGriggs said that there was a certain feature among the soup-absorbing candidates which deserved remark. When the potatoes were mature, not a man, woman or child came for the soup. He had often tried to fathom this mystery on religious grounds, but had not succeeded. Might it not be satisfactorily explained from a scientific point of view? Soup, day after day, is a monotonous diet. May there not be some principle of reaction in soup, which affects the partaker and brings an interval of disgust? He concluded nothing, but threw out the idea which he trusted some acuter genius than his own would elucidate and explain. Suffice to say, it was of intermittent efficacy, and by no means a permanent Protestant. There was a germ of perseverance wanting in soup, which might afford curious psychological entertainment to him who would investigate the phenomenon.

DR. RITUALIST.—Perhaps, thin and weak soup produces a thin and weak Protestantism. Why not add potatoes to the soup?

DR. MACGRIGGS.—Simplicity cries out there, but experience laughs at such vagaries. Add potatoes, brother! My dear sir, I am free to say that had potatoes never been brought to Ireland, we should have captured that island long ago.

DR. RITUALIST.—You amaze me, Brother MacGriggs!

DR. MACGRIGGS.—Amazement is no word for it! it's astounding, so it is. To think that Popery and potatoes should go together is a marvel; yet it is a fact! If we could get as much Protestantism with soup as there is Popery in potatoes, I asseverate, sir, without fear of contradiction, that Dr. McHale would be pocketing the Queen's shilling this moment. He would, by all the tracts ever invented! I would like some evangelical chemist, imbued with a proper horror of Rome, to analyse a potatoe, and give us the results. I am certain there would be found in those esculents a certain anodyne or poppy principle of a vastly stupefying effect, rendering the consumer invulnerable and pachydermatous to all gospel influences.

DR. BLAZES.—Dear me! that is very wonderful! I have often been surprised at the tenacity of attachment to Rome displayed by the Irish people, but I never heard so satisfactory an explanation of the mystery. I think this matter should be given to the world with especial emphasis.

DR. MACGRIGGS.—Brother, this question has greater breadth than people suppose. Food characterizes the genius of a people with its peculiar qualities. Rats and Confucius—rice and Buddha—beef and British Protestantism are convertible terms. Behold the great beef-eating nations, Britain, Germany, Sweden, Russia, &c., how they dropped Popery with its fasts, macerations and self-denial! Look at farinaceous peoples, French, Italian, Spanish, Irish, &c.—they held to Popery and all the unpleasant consequences to poor human nature which a strict adherence to Rome demands. Do you wonder, then, if soup be such an important missionary and an active agent of vital opinion? Sir, I hold that soup, judiciously disseminated, is the first and sole dogma of our church. Receive or reject all the rest, as you please, but as for soup, let it be placed outside the pale of private judgment as a thing sacred and unique. [Applause.]

DR. DISTINGUO.—Who would have imagined that soup was worth a thought!

DR. MACGRIGGS.—Worth a thought, d'ye say, brother? It's worth whole volumes,—it's worth tomes, sir! What? because a thing be humble and unpretentious, shall we despise it? Talk of your thirty-nine articles! I say nothing equals the article

of soup. I may admit a man's right to differ about texts and theorems, but I hesitate not to admit that I am fiercely intolerant on the soup question. I would sooner see St. Paul's in ashes than witness the collapse of our evangelical soup-kitchens. [Cries of order!] You cry "Order!"—Cry away if you please! What is St. Paul's? Pooh-pooh! a mere architectural camel with a hump on its back——"

DR. FARRAGO DE BOSHON.—I beg to interrupt our right rev. brother. Let him stick to his soup kitchen and leave St. Paul's alone. [Cheers.] Many of us Americans came all the way from York State to weep over the beauty of St. Paul's. [Enthusiastic cheers.] We have no appreciation for church architecture outside of the capital of our dear mother country. [Sobs.] We never understand true piety till we get in sight of St. Paul's! We are poor, ignorant [Several interrupt: "Not poor! not poor!"] provincials, whose national crudeness we hope your glorious enlightenment and moral elevation of your people will remove by degrees. ["We shall do our best!" from many.] I admit brother MacGriggs as an authority on soup as an evangelical persuader, but his hasty, nay rude, criticism on St. Paul's forbids me to accept his narrow ideas respecting art.

It was generally conceded that Dr. De Boshon's defence of St. Paul's was a masterpiece of gospel generosity, particularly when we consider the architectural splendor of the theatres, tabernacles, Plymouths and Bethels, scattered broadcast over the length and breadth of the American Union, in which the roaring champions of independant religious views hold forth to their motley congregations.

His Grace of Canterbury closed this short but interesting conference, by impressing upon the minds of the fathers the imperious necessity of making soup more generally known as an efficient evangelizer. He was of opinion that a thin, poor article might do for hungry proselytes, but the better class of converts should be provided with a rich, oleaginous decoction suitable to their condition in society. For instance, an anxious alderman would be more successfully approached by turtle soup, while a Gallican enquirer might, perchance prefer peas in his. The Italian is most susceptible to macaroni soup, while the Chinese might be led to see the error of his ways by a judicious concoction of rats and recent puppies. Dear me, quoth his grace, I see a wide field here for evangelical effort, and it promises well, for it is a novelty, and the world loves novelty above all things. I trust the day is not far distant when the soup can will go hand in hand with the bible in building up an extensive Anglican Protestantism, appealing, at once, to the imagination and the

stomach. Thus shall truth triumph and mankind be saved from the insidious attempts of Popery. Thus shall a happy millenium arrive, when a lion shall lie down with a lamb and a bowl of soup lead them in amity and concord and peace!

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## CONFERENCE VI.

### THE FATHERS SETTLE CONFESSION AT ONCE.

I am of opinion that confession is a very queer thing, and peculiarly Papist. How any man, even a slave and an ignorant of Rome, can so far forget what is due to his manhood as to confess, I cannot conceive. There is nothing about such an action that leaves an impression of one's worth on a man's mind. Just think of it. Here is a gentleman of refinement—of æsthetic tastes—of wealth and position. In spite of this, he must crook the hinge of his suppliant knee, and accuse himself of things which human nature imperatively demands should be kept secret. The very thought of such abasement makes one shudder.

What opinion can a man have of himself after such a terrible ordeal? How can he look his fellow-men in the face? We all have a certain side to our character—a certain inner circle of thought—a peculiar hidden world of action, which belongs to us alone. We do not even divide that world with the wife of our bosom. We carefully conceal this moral cosmos from our dearest and most intimate friends. We lock these things in our own hearts, and keep the combination key in the deepest recesses of our own consciences. Now, up steps me Popery, and says: "Sir, or madam, out with those secret sins, on peril of your salvation!" What shall proper self-respect answer unto this? Why, thus: "Excuse me, defamation of character is actionable; the law forbids it; I refuse to make myself amenable to the laws."

It manifests to the whole world the perilous influence of the Church of Rome over the human conscience, that people of education—nobility and gentry—go to confession. Nay, I have been informed on what I must consider as good authority that the Pope himself and his Cardinals practice the same humiliating rite!!!

Could anything give us a clearer idea of the woeful nebulosity of Popery? And, are those people not naturally slaves? Why stoop their necks to such a heavy yoke, when they might so easily escape the task, by a little self-assertion,—a little of that evangelical independence which so becomes us, miserable sinners that we are?

Our Lambeth Council would not have been complete without satisfactorily settling this question of Confession. Grieved am I to say that there is a strange hankering after this very objectionable practice among a certain class of Protestants unworthy of the glorious boon of gospel liberty, guaranteed to us by Dr. Martin Luther, the great founder of our religion. What madness possesses those backsliders? I cannot tell. Why cannot they be comfortable? Why not contented? Why cannot they imitate their bishops, and take advantage of their privileges? Was it for this we abandoned Rome? Why, let me whisper in your ear. O gentle reader, the chief reason of separation—the foremost and burning grievance of our pious doctors,—was just this dreadful burden of confession. The idea of repressing those imperious instincts of our nature,—of battling day and night,—of overshadowing the delights of pleasant indulgence by the diaphragm-shocking anticipation of confession, is something which inspires the average evangelical soul with positive terror. Would the pious Luther have taken unto himself the pious Catherine if he and she had the fear of confession before their eyes? No!—No! They would have stuck to their repressive monasteries, and thus, should the world have been deprived of our common Protestantism!

The Right Rev. Dr. Blazes introduced this interesting subject in the shape of a preamble and resolution, which he submitted to the careful consideration of the assembled fathers. He said, on rising, that he had prepared an important document. He said, moreover, that the document was in the shape of a Bill, considering, as he did, that parliamentary forms belonged essentially to the organic legislation of the Anglican-Protestant Church. He remarked, also that a great crisis had arrived—that the eyes of Britain, nay, of the universe, were staringly fixed upon that Conference.—that the Church expected every bishop in the Establishment to do his duty, and if any bishop was not disposed that duty to do, let him retire, let him go, let him depart! [Sensation.] He observed some signs of dissent from a quarter whence no orthodox mind could expect anything else, but he fearlessly repeated, let such a bishop depart from their midst! I am thankful, continued Dr. Blazes, that I am not like some other people. I name no names, but I am thankful that I have always avoided dogmatizing, which has ravaged the Establishment like a ravenous wolf forth issuing from the Alaskan wilds. I repeat it,—forth issuing from Alaskan wilds! [Further sensation.] I have always made it a rule to carefully abstain from waking ill-tempered, somnolent canines. I have resolutely shut my eyes against any arguments for or against the Thirty-nine Articles. Had it pleased Parliament to submit for

our subscription thirty-nine hundred or thirty-nine thousand articles, it would have been all one for me. My duty I considered was to simply close my eyes, and firmly swallow the dose, whether large or small. Who am I that I should set myself up in opposition to venerable Acts of Parliaments, ancient Proclamations, Royal speeches, briefs of confiscation, and other *loci theologici* of Anglican Protestant theology! I am thankful that I have no hobby—no mission—no particular call and inspiration to overturn the beautiful edifice of this British Establishment of ours in which floweth milk and honey—tithes and cummin and anise—pleasant pastures and the fatness of the land. I vow to Jove! exclaimed Dr. Blazes, when I think of our Cranmers, Riddleys, Latimers: our Lauds, Chillingworths and Burnets, and all the other valiant, holy and evangelical wights who have shed lustre upon religion by their consistent devotion, self-denial and stern upholding of Gospel principles, I am heartily ashamed of this pigmy, chattering, refining age, when little men are striving to fill high offices, and the square absurdly imagines it can fit the circle! [Consternation.]

But, lest you may be anxious, I shall forthwith read unto you, my Brothers, the Bill aforesaid:

PLAN FOR PUTTING DOWN CONFESSION IN THE PROT-ANG.  
CHURCH.

WHEREAS, divers irresponsible free-lances, not having the fear of Lord Penzance before their eyes, encourage the practice of confession; and

WHEREAS, others and sundry dare to hear the confessions of over-confident disciples; and

WHEREAS, those confessions have redounded to the scandal of Christendom, considering the abominable cats which, in unguarded moments, those confessing clergymen let out of the bag into the ears of the wives of their bosom, which weakness may result in damage to the good repute of the penitent, especially when we contemplate the unguardedness of the female tongue—[Groans! ]—and their fondness for curious news, usually yelet Gossip; and

WHEREAS, Confession makes men uncomfortable, and clips the wings of that liberty by which we soar above dogmas and authority, and brings us face to face with our own consciences, which is unlawful, for shall man judge consciences; and

WHEREAS, we know that confession is a false, vain thing, for is it not horribly repugnant to human nature? and

WHEREAS, Such a practice is an infringement upon the liberty of the subject, and, therefore, insulting to British subjects.

who always have, and always will refuse, to be slaves ; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That Confession must be put down in the Prot.-Anglican Communion, and, if possible, throughout the world. [Cheers.]

HIS GRACE OF CANTERBURY.—I am sure it is refreshing to hear our good brother, Dr. Blazes, expatiate upon this tremendous question of confession. Let me tell him that he does not stand alone in his horror of that dreadful ordeal. I, too, have a horror of it ; indeed, I never think of such a thing without a chill perspiration darting through my very pores. I would not mind this doctrine of confession if confined to poor, common folk ; they are always telling something or other, but that ladies and gentlemen of wealth, education and position should be expected to so far forget what is due to society and themselves as to confess, is—is an—an anomaly ! Why, to ask such to confess, is an implicit—ah—insinuation that the upper classes are addicted to the—aw—to the sins of common fellows ! when all the world knows that the nobility and gentry of the land are models and paragons of virtue, by—inheritance.

In no doctrine of Rome do we find more clearly expressed her levelling policy. King and beggar tread upon one another's heels at the door of the confessional ; nor will the haughty church make any allowance for the cultured class, nor modify her moral canons to suit the peculiar requirements of wealth and power. Is there worldly wisdom in this ? I say deliberately, there is not ! [Applause.]

Unfortunately, the force of evil is more prompt than influence of good example. Some, *proh ! pudor !* who are nominally within the pale of the Protestant-Anglican Establishment, have allowed themselves to be fascinated by this illusion of confession. Why, I cannot comprehend.

DR. RITUALIST.—Beg pardon, your Grace, but is not confession recommended in the Book of Common Prayer ?

HIS GRACE OF C.—I am glad you have put that question, Dr. Ritualist, because it enables me to explain the presence of the injunction of confession in the Book of Common Prayer. Protestants of our times must recollect that in Edward VI's reign, the change from Catholicity to Protest was quite recent, and men's minds were Catholic, though their conduct was not. The Catholic Church had existed for fifteen hundred years when Luther furnished the world with his own conception of religion, which England accepted with some slight modifications. Now, my brothers, it was not easy for Englishmen to divest themselves of the traditional spirit of the old church. He

lived, moved, and had his being in a Catholic atmosphere, and I grieve to say, the glorious sun of Anglican free dogmas has never been able to entirely disperse that Popish atmosphere from England. This land resembles Westminster Abbey. You may break the crucifixes—deface the pictures of the saints—desecrate the ancient shrines, but one becomes consciously Catholic the moment one enters that edifice. [Murmurs.] I regret it, but I think no one can safely contradict me. Now, the presence of confession in the Book of Common Prayer was a concession to this Popish spirit——”

DR. BULBOUS.—If it was a concession, why did the Anglican Protestant communion reject the practice?

HIS GRACE OF C.—Our church rejected it in practice, because, from the beginning, it never meant anything but a bit of evangelical diplomacy—a joke, in fact.

DR. BULBOUS.—Then it was simply a Lie, your Grace.

HIS GRACE OF C.—Well, Brother Bulbous, I would not exactly call it by so harsh a name, but it was something very like a—aw—a mental reservation.

DR. BULBOUS.—Exactly. Well, now, will your Grace explain to me how it happened that the framers of the Book of Common Prayer solemnly claimed that the Holy Spirit guided their labors with his unerring inspiration? Did the Holy Ghost ratify a Lie?

HIS GRACE OF C.—Ahem! The—aw—the question is a difficult one, if we approach it in a critical or cavilling spirit. What? Shall we strain at gnats and swallow camels? Where would controversy end, if we subjected everything to the crucible of narrow interpretation? Sufficient for us that Parliament endorsed the Book of Common Prayer. Let us avoid that minute—that—aw—scholastic impertinence which quenches the noble expansiveness of evangelical liberty.

The fathers unanimously agreed that a more admirable answer to an untimely question was never given since the halcyon days of the worthy and pious Cranmer. And they sighed to think how some men—they mentioned no names, allowed themselves to be carried away by a hypocritical and cavilling spirit, as his Grace had so well observed. Thus encouraged, his Grace continued:

“Another reason why confession was left in the ministration of the sick was this. Conspiracies against His Majesty the King, the Parliament, the godly bishops, and pious Protestants, were rife in those turbulent days. How wise, then, to use the rite of confession in order to discover those wicked attempts! A penitent would confess his crime; he would name his accomplices; the loyal minister would fly to the Star Chamber, and inform His or

Her Majesty's advisers, and behold! villainy nipped in the bud and high treason exposed to the laws!

DR. RITUALIST.—But should not confession be held as a sacred confidence, even if not considered a sacrament? What does the world think of a man who betrays confidence? Is he not driven from the society of all honest men, treated as worse than any other moral pariah, and scourged into obscurity by the scorn and contempt of mankind? What kind of a gospel is that which betrays the last secrets of a dying man, and abuses his confidence for the destruction of his friends? Shame on the men who creep to the death-bed, pretending to represent Christ, but in reality spies and informers who betray the poor sinner with a kiss!

DR. BLAZES.—I think our worthy brother is wasting his sympathies on the air. Call to mind what the Anglican Protestant Church really is. She is a great State agent, rising and falling with the times. The law demands her first service, and no man can possibly be a true Anglican Protestant who refuses to obey the State before all things. [Applause.] Four or five times the British Parliament commanded our church to change her doctrines, and four or five times she humbly obeyed. Our chief organic principle is the rejection of Rome's authority for that of the State. We voluntarily accepted all the consequences of such a step, and it is too absurd for an Anglican Protestant prelate to stand up and strive to kick the foundation over upon which our church is erected. [Hear! hear!] If the State says to me: "Go and hear that man's confession, and then come and reveal his secrets to me!" my duty is plain—simply to obey. That is the very essence of Protestantism in all lands; it has no existence independent of the State. We cannot reject authority, and possess authority at the same time. Let those who are enamored of divine authority go over to Rome: she claims it; we don't! [Cheers.]

Dr. Farrago de Boshon was very sorry indeed that the fathers of Anglican Protestantism had left the confession clause in the Book of Common Prayer. He was grieved, but not surprised. It had other contradictions, such as abstaining from meat on all the Fridays of the year, and two hundred saints' days in the Calendar remained staring Protestantism out of countenance. He strongly suspected that the early champions of Reform in England were more anxious for a big share of the spoils than for an accurate exposition of what they believed. [Order! and No! No!] It was a happy thing that in the United States Episcopalians, and, indeed, all forms of Protestantism, completely ignored books of any kind or formulas of belief, being satisfied if the sermon suited their views. We in the great Republic, he averred, change

our belief when we change our minister. He must say the plan works most harmoniously, and he would suggest a similar course in the mother country.

Hereupon, the prelates plunged into an animated discussion as to the advisability of settling dogmatic and congregational disputes on the American plan. But the general sense of the Council was against such a consummation, inasmuch as the Bohemian, peripatetic kind of preacher was unknown in the respectable English Establishment. Where there are rich benefices men will cling to irremovability. The American custom was quite objectionable,—in fact, as Dr. MacGriggs facetiously remarked, it was very *Shaughranesque* in every respect.

DR. PRETTYMAN did not understand why Anglican Protestants should make such an ado about confession. A few disobedient, rebellious, too literal theorizers favored the practice, but the vast majority was thoroughly opposed to such a Popish innovation. For his part, if he felt inclined to confess his sins, he would much prefer to go to a Catholic priest than to a Ritualistic clergyman, for he had his doubts as to the prudence and reticence of the latter gentleman. Some time ago he read of a Ritualist minister who was sharply reprimanding a lady penitent for some grave offence, "This is the third time," said he, "O no, sir; this is my first confession to you!" she replied, "Ah! beg pardon," quoth he, "I see now my mistake; it was *your sister*." [Great Merriment.] If that was the idea Ritualistic confessors formed of their obligations, he would rather be excused from trusting them with his conscience.

Dr. MacGriggs thought that they were affrighting themselves with shadows. There was no fear that confession would ever become popular in the English Establishment. Confession involves many unpleasant consequences, which his right reverend brothers seemed to overlook. Just think of our merchants, our nobility, our middle class, being obliged to make restitution, to pay their debts, and to act justly towards all men. Think of the terrible yoke rejecting mere thoughts of evil! Think of the stern code which obliges man and woman to avoid sinful occasions. Why, brothers, our theatres would be empty, our amatory novelists would be driven to the garret, and our modern scientists would speak to empty benches. There are too many human interests opposed to confession to justify a fear of its ever being accepted by those classes who support the Establishment. I am sure his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales would steer cautiously to windward of confession. There is, happily, no mortification in the blood of the Georges. Why, consider a moment! Even the Church of Rome is obliged to menace excommunication against many of her own followers, who neglect to approach

the sacrament at Easter! And *we* are afraid that confession, and the mortifications it implies may invade the pleasant pastures of faith-aloneness! Take courage, brothers, the danger is a mere speck in the distance; we shall never be compelled to choose between confession and our benefices! [Great applause.]

Dr. Misoneger said that the negroes practised confession, also the Methodists. The stool of repentance was a modification of the Popish tribunal. It had one advantage, however, over its Roman prototype in that the conscience-stricken subject merely confessed those sins which were known to his or her neighbors, and thus condoned their shortcomings in the eyes of the public, by treating them to a coat of pious varnish. [Smiles.] There are some people, my brothers, who answer Hudibras' description by

"Condoning sins they are inclined to  
By damning those they have no mind to."

[Order!] But I will not preach; I know too well where I am; this is no place for homilies.

What a pity it is, said Dr. Distinguo, that a trick of tenth century priestcraft should have enslaved men to such an extent that they are ready to lay open to a man the most hidden recesses of their consciences. But the tenth was a very, very dark century, and that accounts for it.

DR. RITUALIST.—Accounts for what?

DR. DISTINGUO.—Why, for the devising and introduction of confession to be sure. I am surprised at such a question.

DR. RITUALIST.—May I ask, my brother, where was the miraculous individual who prevailed upon his fellow-men to confess their sins to him? Please give us the name of that thaumaturgus—that wonder-worker of the tenth century.

DR. DISTINGUO.—Mathematical exactness is not to be sought for in matters of this kind. The name I cannot give——

DR. MACGRIGGS.—Beg pardon; perhaps it was John Smith. [Signs of disgust.]

DR. DISTINGUO.—It was *not* John Smith, sir, nor Thomas Robinson, nor yet George Brown, nor Samuel MacGriggs either! [Cheers.] As I was saying, the name I cannot give, but the fact I read of in a little evangelical work, printed by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Ignorance,—eh—I mean, Knowledge. It is now, I believe, out of print. But it was a very pious work, indeed, and worthy of Foxe or d'Aubigne. He was a monk, of course, and was an adept at mesmerism. When the people had become habituated to the act, it was no longer necessary to mesmerize them.

DR. RITUALIST.—But how will you explain the fact that here in

England, in the seventh century; Venerable Bede, an Englishman, published a book called the Penitential, which speaks of secret auricular confession as a matter of course?

DR. DISTINGUO.—Ah! let me see! The tenth century!—the tenth century! why, what am I thinking about? I should have said the sixth century. I have such a wretched memory, you know!

DR. RITUALIST.—But Pope Leo, in the fifth century, in his letter 136, addressed to Theodore, says: “*Ex apostolica regula sufficere confessionem secretam, in qua remedia offerentur penitentibus.*” “According to the apostolic rule, secret confession, which affords a remedy to penitents, suffices.”

DR. DISTINGUO.—Did I not say, my good brother, that I had a wretched memory? I am nevertheless amazed at my forgetfulness. Let me say, once for all, that the fact occurred in the fourth century, towards the end,—no, about the middle.—stop; now I come to reflect about the matter, it was at the beginning. Yes, at the beginning of the fourth century, confession was established, as narrated in the aforesaid pious book. I hope my good friend is satisfied.

DR. RITUALIST.—Very sorry, I am sure, but in the third century, Origen says: “*Deleat peccata si confitearis non tantum Deo, sed iis qui possunt mederi vulneribus.*” “Your sins are wiped out, if you confess, not only to God, but to those who can cure your wounds.” And in his homily, 2nd in Leviticus, he adds: “*illas esse sacerdotes Dei,*” that is: “and those (who can cure your wounds) are the priests of God.” Cyprien cries out: “Let each one confess his sins, my brethren, and while satisfaction and the remission, made by the priests, is pleasing to God!” “*Confiteantur singuli queso vos, fratres, delictum suum, dum adhuc—satisfactio et remissio, facta per sacerdotes, Deum grata est.*” De Lapsis, No. 29. What do you say to that, my brother?

DR. DISTINGUO [very red and confused]—Well, it was in the book!—it was in the book! It may have occurred in the second century, and really—really—why, I declare it most certainly did happen in the second—

DR. RITUALIST.—But, that was one of the centuries during which the Primitive Church existed in all its original splendor, according to the unanimous consent of all Anglican-Protestant divines

DR. DISTINGUO.—Shall we fall back upon Popish authorities to strengthen an argument or make a point? Shall we set up your Cyprians, your Leos, your Augustines, your Origenes, your Tertullians against the express words of a book, a pious book, an evangelical book, printed, too, by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge? [Cheers.] Shall we forget

that gospel liberty which the glorious Reformation guaranteed to us all, and shall we stoop to this and that authority? Shall we, I say——"

DR. RITUALIST.—Very tempestuous, my good brother, and slightly *ad captandum*. Has venerable antiquity no weight with you?

DR. DISTINGUO.—Let me distinguish, sir; let me distinguish! When Roman antiquity is brought forward, I shall never allow it to influence me one iota. If it were Protestant antiquity, now, I would——"

DR. RITUALIST.—But Protestantism has no antiquity.

DR. MACGRIGGS.—Yes, but it has, brother Ritualist. Every century, from the first to the sixteenth, had its good, sound Protestants, who protested against Popery. The Nicolaites, the Arians, Pelagians, Donatists, and Nestorians, what were they, I'd like to know, but true blue Protestants? Pooh! pooh! —we've got antiquity as well as the Papists.

The discussion had now arrived at such a point that the assembled fathers, uneasy and disgusted, were much delighted when his Grace of Canterbury arose and spake thus:

"Far be it from me to impute motives, or to yield to uncharitable suspicions and surmises, yet I cannot allow this occasion to pass without putting upon record my formal and solemn protest against the very objectionable course which Dr. Ritualist has seen fit to pursue in this discussion. The pious book, which contained the fact referred to by our much-esteemed co-laborer in the vineyard, Dr. Distinguo, whose erudition, impartiality, piety and clear discrimination between truth and absurdity are patent to all, the pious book, I repeat, is in my library, and that fact is plainly recorded therein! [Great cheering.] What, then, becomes of Dr. Ritualist's labored quotations, which, to *my* mind, were exceedingly weak and obscure? I sincerely trust that no prelate here present will allow Dr. Ritualist's puerilities to disturb his mind, but rather be more confirmed in his belief in the little pious book issued by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, which informs us that confession was introduced by a lazy, cunning monk in the—in the—what century, did you say, Dr. Distinguo?

DR. DISTINGUO.—I beg to drop the discussion, your Grace. My feelings have been too deeply lacerated by the over-persistent and most ungenerous onslaught which I have been obliged to suffer from my late antagonist. I have done with polemics.

DR. RITUALIST.—A most wise conclusion!

Here his Grace of Canterbury, forgetting his question as to the century, suddenly remembered that the whole matter had been brought to a most satisfactory conclusion, and ended the day's labors by imploring his brethren to manifest on all occa-

sions the spirit of unanimity and concord which shone upon those conferences like a bright luminary in the depths of the firmament. For, what are we, he further remarked, but worms of the earth wormy? And what was man's true light, if not that pre-eminent blaze of private judgment which illuminated the church, independent of that grubbing among the past centuries for makeshifts to prop up oppressive doctrines withal? For his part, he was free to say, he did not like antiquity. He never entered those obscure regions that he did not return with a blush upon his face, so inconceivable was the weakness of our boasted reason in allowing itself to be enslaved, petrified, destroyed by the hoary Church of Rome. He strongly deprecated Brother Ritualist's borrowing of texts from the adversary, and sympathized deeply with Dr. Distinguo's afflicting and wretched memory. He had heard that port wine stimulant was an excellent tonic in such cases.

And so ended the affair.

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## CONFERENCE VII.

IN WHICH A PERSONAL DEVIL IS INTRODUCED AND HELL  
DISCUSSED.

*"Itur ad Orcum,"*—Gone to the Devil.

To establish the existence of hell and a personal devil is of much interest to all Protestants, more especially Protestants of the Anglican School. To become properly acquainted with the subject in this world, may spare us a surprise in the next, where, though the logic may perhaps be on our side, the devil may be on the other. It is an exceedingly repulsive matter to approach, this business of a personal devil and hell, nevertheless, as men's minds are disturbed at the present day by diverse arguments *pro* and *con*, an OEcumenical Lambeth Conference would be wanting to itself and to mankind, if it did not attempt to settle the difficulty to the satisfaction of disputants of every color and hue of human belief. It is pleasing to the Evangelical mind to contemplate the great interest which men of advanced ideas are taking in the devil and his abode. Even those who deny the existence of the evil spirit, prove, by their labored efforts in that direction, that they are somewhat troubled about the matter. This is very encouraging.

It is an historical fact that Christendom, previous to the

sixteenth century, was never agitated with controversies touching the existence of the devil and a place of punishment in the next world. I am afraid our leading Protestant doctrine of private judgment is much to blame for the wide-spread skepticism of our time. It was never intended to be allowed to be the privilege of the masses, nor even, of the enlightened among the laity. Protestantism wished simply to cut a bottomless chasm between popish authority and the supporters of reform, but, unfortunately, the *profanum vulgus*, the common herd in abandoning Rome turned their backs on religion, morality and God, and are now dragging their leaders, the clergy, down into the same abyss. His Grace of Canterbury very properly disavowed any pretension on our part of withstanding infidelity, because, it is an ill bird that fouls its own nest. Voltaire was, as a logical Protestant, a century ahead of his co-religionists. His greatest practical exponent was the Reign of Terror. Very strange indications of a coming convulsion—a bouleversement of the foundations of civilization—are furnished us on all sides. Some are of opinion that we are on the eve of another practical exposition of the logical results of private judgment. I have always held that private judgment should have been an exclusive privilege of the clergy. But, then, on the other hand, I am doubtful of my position when I see Protestant clergymen pushing their private judgment into the realm of candles and chasubles. There must be something wanting in a principle which involves a continual series of patent contradictions. I am afraid the fathers of reform were badly guided when they enunciated this excessively democratic doctrine, for, anything like unity of belief is utterly impossible if one once admit the logical conclusions to which it inevitably carries us. For instance: a minister of our church preaches that there is no God. The flock are horrified, and appeal to the bishop. The bishop issues a communion. The clergyman falls back upon his privilege of private judgment, and—there we are! What is the bishop going to do about it? Either he condemns the cleric or does not. If he condemn him, what becomes of private judgment; If he condemn him not, then atheism is a part and parcel of the Protestant system! A terrible conclusion, and yet, I see no way out of it. I wish that the Lambeth Conference had settled this question as satisfactorily as it did the other matters discussed. It would have been a boon to many a perplexed mind.

The morning of the sixth and last Conference was beautiful and balmy as a Westminster Abbey sermon. The little birds, like an infant Band of Hope, burdened the trees with melodious praise. The odor of hawthorne flowers, nature's sweet incense, soothed Evangelical olfactories with perennial delight. A lazy

light lay winking sleepily upon the charming meadows, daisy-spangled and verdant. Here and there large-eyed, timid deer sniffed the moning air with head erect and majestic pose. Little silken rabbits peeped cautiously from clumps of fern, with ears alert, pretty example to those obtuse Christians who turn a deaf ear to the pious expounders of a Sabbath hour. All was serene, peaceful, calm, little betokening the horrid, strident clamor over hell and the devil which was to shake Protestant orthodoxy to its deepest foundations.

As the prelates, portentous as to visage, and as to eye fraught with the fury of intellectual warlight, filed along, two and two, they interchanged mutual congratulations over the fine weather. Full of enthusiasm, piety and breakfast, one would hardly dream that presently dreadful contention would set the reverend fathers by the ears in the full tide and whistling rush of polemics! Dr. Distinguo ventured the observation that it was "a fine morning." Dr. Bulbous, after eyeing the speaker for an instant, as if to discover some covert allusion to the forthcoming debate, coincided with a modified expression that it was "rather a fine day." Then he threw another searching glance at Dr. Distinguo, and seemed satisfied with the inspection, for his stern visage broke into a genial grin. Dr. Ritualist thought that the morning was hardly orthodox. Dr. Blazes asked why? Dr. Ritualist unto this replied that nature had put on variegated vestments while ministering at the grand altar of mother earth. Dr. Blazes said he wrote verses before he had arrived at the years of discretion, but never could abide it since. Dr. Ritualist insinuated that some wrote both in verse and prose before they had arrived at years of discretion, and yet, strange to say, three score and ten had been inscribed on their tombstones, which information Dr. Blazes received anything but gratefully. On the contrary the reverend prelate developed alarming indications of high but carefully suppressed dudgeon. Dr. Misoneger volunteered the pleasant remark that only one feature was wanting to make the morning scene perfect. Dr. Boanerges inquired what that might be? Whereupon Dr. Misoneger, to the great surprise of all, responded; "A few right smart alligators!" Dr. Boanerges shuddered perceptibly and moved quickly away from his cynical companion. Dr. Prettyman, who was of a highly poetic temperament, grew idyllic and pastoral—a beautiful mingling of Gospel and Georgics—and exclaimed: "How lovely is Flora sleeping in the sunlight, while attendant birds—musical nymphs—chant her epithalamium! How——!" the reverend prelate had been moving backward, like a Druid high priest, gracefully gesticulating the while, but a sudden stumble sent him down upon his back into the bounds of an artfully concealed duck-

pond. He was fished out in dismal plight, and while he stood ruefully observant of his humid canonicals, boisterous merriment shook the œcumenical party to its very midriff, until some one, mustering up his good breeding, gratefully requested the moist prelate to continue his happy vein of poesy. This excited the reverend man to something like a recalcitration of the ancient Adam, so that further improvising was not forthcoming, which was strange, under the circumstances. However, it was charming to hear Brother Prettyman that day discuss human fate and the striking examples of sublime patience in the midst of extreme crises displayed by various good Christians thoroughly imbued with Gospel principles in all ages since the foundation of the Anglican Protestant Church. And all the time, under the rose, —though, perchance, he may not have suspected the truth—the much tried gentleman was preaching himself. And it is just in this that he and Paul differed, and, moreover, I opine Dr. Prettyman stands not unique and alone in the world. Dr. Philoneger —he was from the vicinity of Boston, U. S., and therefore, supposed to know all doctrines and sciences much better than those who held and taught them,—quoted Milton's fine lines, "Sweet is the breath of morn, its rising sweet" &c., greatly to the surprise of the English doctors, who had been of opinion that Milton had not as yet crossed the Atlantic ocean. To which I beg leave humbly to answer that several less famous, but no more atrabilious Puritan ever immigrated to the New World. For some reason or other,—such is man's frailty,—Dr. Prettyman considered the question personal, and forthwith proceeded to rebuke Dr. Philoneger in very common prose. An altercation was imminent, but they had now reached the sacred precincts of Conference Hall, and mundane things spread their motley wings and flitted silently away.

His Grace of Canterbury looked more grave than usual as he took his seat, and the shuffling in of the other œcumenicals was suggestive of an important crisis. When each prelate had breathed a short prayer, according to his own views of such matters, and had taken his seat, his Grace arose with such majesty, that several whispered to their neighbors, "What a fine Pope he would make!"

"It is with no ordinary sense of the vast importance of the occasion that I arise, my brothers, to address you. Revolutionary opinions are abroad, and men scan the religious skies with anxiously foreboding glance. Dire motives, not to speak of coverts, are described in the empyrean depths, while disorder howls along its eccentric path. A scoffing and unbelieving generation surrounds us on all sides, and pure orthodoxy seems to have gathered up its skirts and fled to parts unknown.

"Let us rise, my reverend friends, to the sublime level of the occasion! The eyes of England and America are upon us! Nay, I verily believe that the Pope is, at this moment, haunting the telegraph offices of Rome, anxiously awaiting news of this discussion. Keeping these facts before our mind's eye, should we not excite ourselves to extra effort in order that pure Anglican Protestant opinion may shine, may blaze, in the face of her foes? [Applause.]

"The questions for discussion at this Conference are two-fold: 1o. Does a personal devil exist? and 2o. Is there a hell? As to the first question, I think no man can deny the existence of the devil; for if he did not exist what use would there be of preachers?—"

DR. BULBOUS.—That is a most extraordinary argument, if I may be permitted to say so. Then the devil must be the prime motive of orthodoxy teaching. I am amazed at such an assertion in the mouth of a church dignitary! Why, infidels say that.

DR. MISONER.—According to the Fetich system, the remark of his grace is sound, for, take the devil out of that doctrine, and its preachers would want inspiration.

DR. BULBOUS.—What we want is some solid argument, if not convincing at least plausible, showing the existence of a personal devil.

HIS GRACE OF C.—I am coming at that, if Dr. Bulbous will permit me to speak. I shall not use any scriptural argument, because man will never agree upon the right interpretation of a single text of the bible. Such quotation would end in nothing but loss of time. But I shall treat the subject historically, traditionally—

DR. BULBOUS.—Tradition! [Murmurs.]

HIS GRACE OF C.—There is no harm in using tradition to prove the existence of the devil. As to sacraments and such things, it would be very different.

DR. RITUALIST.—But sacraments do not belong to tradition.

HIS GRACE OF C.—The argument must be confined to the devil; let us keep to the point. I say historically, traditionally and rationally the proof of the devil's existence is overwhelming.

DR. BULBOUS.—I'd like to hear that proven!

HIS GRACE OF C.—It is the easiest thing in the world, when you come to think of it, to prove the existence of the devil.

DR. BULBOUS.—We are waiting, your Grace.

HIS GRACE OF C.—Dear me! don't treat this question as of paramount importance over everything else! I am getting quite nervous, affected, I suppose, by the solemn visages that surround me. Come, my brothers, let us be more cheerful in.

talking about the devil. Let us imagine we are trying to prove equinoctial precessions, or transits, or something of that kind. I do not see why we should even mention the demon's name. Now, I have a suggestion to make. The Esquimaux aborigines call the devil *Tornrark*. Now, let us call him, or it, by the same name. It will be pleasanter for the nerves, and sound less like profanity.

DR. BULBOUS.—Let us have no compromise, no quibble! This discussion is about the devil, and nothing else.

DR. BOANERGES.—I am under the impression that the question getting considerably confused. This is not sentiment; this is a simple scientific enquiry. Is there a devil or not? that's the subject for investigation. As to the suggestion of your Grace that we should use the Esquimaux, or more properly, the Innuït expression, *Tornrark*, I beg leave to observe that such a course would be indiscreet. We should first know the meaning those people attach to the word *Tornrark*, for it may not mean the devil at all. It may simply describe a kind of genius or djinn of the Oriental species, which is not a devil, but a rather malicious spirit, with some good points in him. Now, it is clear, there are no good points in *our devil*—"

DR. BULBOUS.—I deny that! if the devil is, there is something good in him. His being, for instance.

DR. BOANERGES.—My good brother, the discussion is whether a devil exists or not. So, your argument is fallacious. Let us be logical.

DR. RITUALIST.—But how can we be logical when the scriptural proof is ruled out? Now, I came here to-day with a formidable array of texts proving the existence of the devil. Why cannot so satisfactory a course be left open, in order to curtail lengthy discussion?

HIS GRACE OF C.—Lengthy discussion curtailed! Why, my brother, have you arrived at your present dignity without knowing the terrible results which a text produces whenever Protestants meet to argue a point? One text would be bad enough, but a "formidable array" would keep us here for twelve calendar months, at least!

One would have imagined to witness the reluctance with which each reverend doctor approached the thesis, that the question concerning the devil involved something very personal. Dr. Cowrieshell remarked that ethnological arguments in general were vain as explicative of the religious intelligence of peoples; nevertheless he was bound to say that the faithful in his African Diocese, believed a good deal more in the devil than they did in himself, though preach he ever so well. The doctrine of those aborigines was ingenious, very ingenious, but slightly out of

harmony with our own highly civilized notions. They held that there was a good being and a bad being. The good being needed no propitiation; the bad being did. Hence, my respected brothers, they worship the evil being with many grotesque rites. As to the real meaning of those rites they understand as little as do our good brothers the Ritualists those lights and chasubles of which they make so unorthodox a parade. Here Dr. Ritualist interrupted the speaker, delicately insinuating that if Dr. Cowrieshell knew as much about the gospel as the Ritualists did of vestments and the meaning thereof, that his dusky flock would not be worshipping the devil after twenty years of his powerful ministration. [Shame.] Dr. Cowrieshell thanked goodness there was no popery about him, and that if he could not make his flock ardent anglicans, he was determined he would not make them papists. [Cheers.] He would sooner leave them as they were than to be so far wanting in his duty as *that*. Dr. MacGriggs said—and the fathers always trembled when he arose to speak—that if his godly friends continued the discussion in such a pronounced strain, they would raise the devil and thus happily end the controversy, by an ocular demonstration evident to all. Dr. Landgrab was of opinion that the New Zealanders believed in an evil spirit and were, indeed, actuated by him; for well did he remember on a certain occasion when he offered a beautiful Bible as a pious equivalent for five hundred acres of good arable land, the chief most interested told him to “go to the devil!” Which sacrilegious objurgation excited roars of laughter among the Maoris present. [A whisper: “What the dear, heroic missionaries have to suffer!”] It was at this point that Dr. Misoneger so far forgot himself as to indulge in the grossest levity which was almost unanimously repudiated by the fathers. He asked Dr. Landgrab if he had ever been eaten by the New Zealanders! Dr. Landgrab insisted for a time that the words should be taken down, but, after a heated controversy, the matter was allowed to drop.

Dr. Philoneger asked his brothers how they intended to approach the subject under discussion. In Boston, for instance, they were very well acquainted with diabolical subjects; in fact they had reduced them to a scientific form. They rather evoked the existence of a devil from their own consciousness than sought exterior proofs thereof. Any man who walks the streets of our great cities, whose curiosity may lead him to a gas-light investigation of towns, need not waste much time in speculation as to the existence of the evil one. The devil stares him the face at every corner.

DR. BULBOUS.—The question is about a personal devil, and not about the comparative morality of large cities. I have no

camp-meeting *incognito*, and, I do assure you, the crowd needed no special argument to establish the existence of the devil. They not only believed in the devil: they saw him!

HIS GRACE OF C.—Saw him, Brother Misoneger?

DR. MISONEGER.—Saw him, as sure as you are there. And, if I'm not very much mistaken, I saw him myself. [Dreadful sensation and some groaning.]

SEVERAL FATHERS.—What—what, brother, was he like?

DR. MISONEGER.—As far as I could make out, he was a rather intelligent, polite looking shape, of dark complexion, and significant eyes. It may have been imagination, but he seemed to wear lawn sleeves, an apron and a shovel hat, and held what appeared to be a Bible in his right claw, for I conceived him to have claws, and not hands. [Commotion and loud cries of "Shame!"] Blame me not, my brothers, I relate the vision as it did address mine eyes. If the devil was guilty of a solecism and a personality, be the dishonor on him not on me! To make sure, I investigated several ancient darkies of both sexes, who unanimously agreed that they, too, had seen his Satanic Majesty in the garb to which I have referred. I am not credulous, but certainly it was a very suggestive and striking apparition. In conclusion, allow me to observe that I know of no place where the devil would be more apt to put in an appearance than at a camp-meeting, whether black or white.

DR. BOANERGES.—Pooh! pooh! a Methodist orgy in the woods, I presume.

DR. MISONEGER.—But the Methodists are Protestants, are they not?

DR. BOANERGES.—No, sir, they are not! They are Dissenters!

DR. MISONEGER.—And, pray, brother, what are Anglican Protestants but Dissenters from Rome? We are all dissenters, no matter by what name we are known. But let us stick to the devil——"

Dr. Blazes here interposed with a solemn protest. He was deeply grieved at the turn this very important discussion had taken. One would imagine that this was a conventicle of non-conformists, instead of a Lambeth Conference whose œcumenicity no sane anglican doubted. It was to be deeply regretted that some fathers—he named no names—should allow the old Adam to usurp the stage and play such fantastic tricks as to make the Romans howl with glee. There is a shocking familiarity when speaking of satan, especially when we reflect that that desperate spirit may, at this moment, be sniggering and rejoicing at our very elbows! [Several prelates glance timidly over their shoulders.] There is a covert sneer in Dr. Misoneger's reminiscence which bodes ill for the future orthodoxy of the Southern

doubt my respected brother is correct as to the scientific knowledge of Satan which Boston possesses, for, I have never read, in ancient or modern history, of a people who theoretically and practically prove that a devil *must* exist, as strikingly as my brother's townsmen.

DR. PHILONEGER.—What about London?

DR. BULBOUS.—Sir, when we approach London, criticism must cease. This is England, you must know. This is the focus of enlightenment and the headquarters of morality. This is Acadia, where primal innocence prevails, and human nature walks the earth, a lamb in gentleness, a lion in courage, and a Sphinx in discretion. This is the home of John Bull and common sense. The present morality of Boston is, I doubt not, a judgment upon her for initiating a wicked, a lawless, an uncalled-for rebellion. Provincialism is always immoral; *we* are sublimely Cosmopolitan! Go to Grosvenor Square—traverse Rotten Row—stroll along Regent Street—visit the lofty mansions of our far descended aristocracy—peep into St. Paul's—ascend the Monument—study the Museum—see the Tower—and then, if you can, breathe the faintest hint of immorality against us. I do not contend for the lower classes. I thank my stars I never was brought into contact with that species of humanity. I admit there may be something wanting to the perfection of their virtues; we cannot expect much from that class. But as to the aristocracy, sir, there is a nobility—a refinement about the few vices inherent in that small portion of human nature which a title fails to cover, which attracts more than it repels. Look for the devil where you please, but you will search for him in vain in those palaces, where gilded plush *answers* the door bell. 'Tis easy amongst a democracy, I grant you, because a tattered coat ill-conceals the devil, and an empty purse is a poor passport to evangelical sanctity. I vow and declare that if there be a devil, he loses his most repulsive feature when adorned with a title, a ribbon or a feather and train. Sir, if the devil speaks English, he speaks it with a nasal twang, and never drops his "h's." [Much merriment and applause.]

DR. MISONER.—I believe that the devil is just as much an aristocrat as a democrat. For my own part, however, I don't see the necessity of having a devil, for the world is coming to that pass that men are rapidly developing a perfection of deviltry unique and peculiar. Just look at our social conditions everywhere. Why, the devil's in 'em, sure, for all seem to be rushing down the precipice of destruction, like the swine mentioned in the Bible. The old serpent is raking 'em in. I can tell you. I remember some years ago I was at a nigger

States of America. It was bad enough to see the devil, but to clothe him in episcopal garments was, I here declare, a long step beyond the worst malice of the Papists. I have heard of satan changing himself into an angel of light, but who ever heard of him changing himself into an anglican bishop? Dr. Ritualist whispered that the devil had more taste than to wear an apron and a shovel hat, or coal-scuttle, but no one paid any attention to such atrocious pleasantry.

DR. FARRAGO DE BOSHON.—As the Anglican-Protestant-Lutheran-Calvinistic bishop of Western New York. I think the question might be simplified if we turn to the proper sources of santanic information. The Manichæans made the devil a vast being

DR. BULBOUS.—The Manichæans did nothing of the kind, sir! I protest against such an assumption. Those Sectaries advocated the existence of an evil principle, but that is quite different from the meaning which *we* attach to the word "devil." According to them there was but one evil principle; but we hold that there are legions of devils. Let us be accurate above all things!

After a short silence his grace of Canterbury asked Brother Farrago de Boshon to proceed, but that bright and shining light had evidently been squelched, for he manifested much irritation and preserved a rigid, portentous silence. And no wonder, for I heard afterwards that he had sat up the preceding night cramming himself with Manichæan lore, and had come to the conference profoundly convinced that after he had delivered himself of his burden of erudition the Anglican Protestant world would look upon him, until the end of time, as an unrivalled authority on the devil. And behold! at the very threshold of his speech plunges in Dr. Bulbous with his protest and correction, and thus topples over the short-lived hopes of the Sun of York! The aggrieved prelate asseverated afterwards that his confidence in episcopal human nature had received a blow from which he feared it would never recover. He further observed that the absence of authority militated against the usefulness of the Council, because impertinent interruptions went on without let or hindrance. He even went so far as to hint that it would have been no harm to have borrowed an idea from Rome in this respect. All of which goes to show the grievous disappointment of the holy man and the persistence with which he refused to be comforted.

Dr. Boanerges was of opinion that the fact that even heathen nations believed in the existence of a devil was a strong evidence that he did exist, for, doubtless, such traditions were derived from primeval revelation. Pluto was king of the infernal regions.

and I hold that Pluto meant the devil. All poets are full of the devil and, in our great English epic, the devil moves the hero of the song. If there be no such being, whence came the idea of a devil? You don't suppose that a man first invented the devil, and then prevailed on others to believe in him? If we were united with Rome, several very powerful arguments might be used, which Anglican Protestant consistency compels us to ignore. Rome is so definite, you know, she leaves nothing cloudy or confused. I wish we could learn her secret of authoritative decision. Truth compels me to admit that such discussions as the present belong wholly to post-Reformation times. It would have been a great boon if the first individual who questioned the existence of the devil, had been delegated to the next world forthwith, that he might test the orthodoxy of his doctrine. Luther believed in a devil; in fact, I am sorry to say the devil was never out of his mouth. He admits that the devil taught him some doctrines antagonistic to the teaching of Rome. Now, though I reject the Roman dogmas involved, I strongly suspect the orthodoxy of the diabolical advocate, and I here enter my solemn protest against seeking for light from the Prince of Darkness.

DR. PRETTYMAN.—Would it be unorthodox, now, to consider the devil a myth? Could I preach such a doctrine with impunity, for instance?

DR. BOANERGES.—I should be much pained to hear of any Anglican Protestant prelate preaching such a theory. But evangelical liberty is a sacred thing which we must not hastily interfere with. If you could conscientiously bring yourself to the conviction that the devil was a myth, I see not how you could be reached. There is no authority in our Anglican Protestant system that could interfere with you. So, I think, all things considered, you might safely hold, and even teach, that the devil is a myth,—a mere popular delusion, like the Popish argument against the Divine Right of Kings, for instance. We must be exceedingly careful in guarding against any infringement upon our glorious privilege of Private Judgment!

DR. RITUALIST.—Then, where is our guide in doctrine?

DR. BOANERGES.—The Bible, brother; the Bible is our guide!

DR. RITUALIST.—But we all differ dreadfully in our interpretation of the Bible. Now, who shall decide which is right? Where there are essential divergences, some must be wrong.

DR. BOANERGES.—Those matters will be settled satisfactorily in the next world.

DR. RITUALIST.—But, suppose, we hold and teach grave error? will it not be to late to remedy the defect in the next world?

DR. BOANERGES.—Eh other, those are mere speculative questions.

Let us cleave to our convictions and defy popery. Then all will be—ah—will be—satisfactory in the next world. I am sorry to see estimable men permit their ideas to wander like goslings across a common,—in every direction. We abuse scholasticism—we expatiate about our superiority over the “Dark Ages”—we sing psalms over our slightest effort, louder and more senseless than the cacklings of a hen over an egg. Nevertheless, when it comes to such an argument as the existence of a devil, we fall to groping in the dark after him, instead of flourishing about his brimstone beard, our evangelical clubs and making the welkin ring with comely orthodox reasons, points, *retorques*, *Negos* and *Transeats* after the good old Scholastic method. The world has never had a clear idea of anything since Scholasticism was thrown overboard. Some of those ancient monks of Paris, Padua or Oxford would have settled this business in half an hour. Everything the “Reformers” did was too vigorously done. If you give me a lift over a hedge I thank you; If you bestow me such a furious shove as not only sends me across the hedge but into an adjacent ditch, I thank you not. If I desire you to draw a tooth, I do not want you to extract my jawbone also. It’s poor policy, methinks, to amputate your toes in order to cure your corns. We are completely muddled by this question. Some very good theorems are based upon a supposition. Let us discreetly suppose the existence of a devil and drop him forthwith. [Applause.]

His Grace of Canterbury was highly satisfied with the result of their deliberations upon this subject. He thought that the world would be struck by the contrast between their leaving everything an open question and the horrid tyranny of Rome, which concluded every dispute with a cruel, heartless adamantive *anathema*, that curbed the pleasant flight of the imagination and deprived man of his right to subject all things to the crucible of reason. The world would see on which side was liberty. As to Dr. Boanerges’ reference to Scholasticism, he must say he differed widely from his esteemed friend. The Scholastic method admitted of no versatility; it left no place for evangelical ingenuity; if cornered, one had no escape. The modern plan was the better by far. One could soar into the illimitable if hard pressed and from one’s eyrie defy the *distinguos* and *Transeats* of Popery. Besides, the Scholastic style demanded more profound studies than we, in this age, can possibly afford. This is the era of books not thought; men must have their reasoning on any subject ready made for them. In this respect we are no match for the Scholastics. I should hesitate before I compared any man here present to Scotus, Bonaventure or Thomas Aquinas.

Of course, we have some Divines just as learned and profound, but, unfortunately, they neglect to furnish the world with some outward and visible sign of the genius within them. I attribute this to a mistaken humility, and I sincerely trust that Dr. Boanerges or Dr. Bulbous may yet compose—in moments snatched from more important duties—a complete, categorical refutation of Thomas Aquinas' *Summa*. It will, I strongly suspect, immortalize the author and uplift vital christianity most wonderfully. I hope the hint thrown out will result in the auspicious feat of overwhelming the learned Dominican. It will create a marvellous sensation and fill Rome with consuming rage. Dear me, the thing can easily be accomplished if we only commence, and I am much surprised that none of our prelates thought of the matter before.

Dr. Ritualist remarked that St. Thomas had utilized the philosophy of Aristotle. Would the Anglican Protestant champion also borrow from the Greek? To this his Grace of Canterbury answered, No Greek! *Timeo Danaos, &c.* His own opinion was that the philosophy of Confucius would be just the thing, as, he believed, the teaching of the Sage of Cathay was the very antipodes of Roman doctrine, and, therefore, most suited to our evangelical school of thought. Dr. Boanerges thanked his Grace for his implied compliment, and said he would think about it, which filled the assembly with delight. Dr. Bulbous also returned thanks, but gratefully declined the task of annihilating Aquinas, observing that to do so would necessitate the perusal of that author's works, and thus expose his Anglican orthodoxy to danger. Dr. MacGriggs, with strange levity, as usual, insinuated that Dr. Bulbous need have no apprehension on that score, because it was necessary to understand Aquinas before one's orthodoxy could be jeopardized, which offensive remark caused some laughter, but very general marks of reprobation.

HIS GRACE OF C.—There yet remains the subject of "Hell" to be discussed. Shall we take it up now, or postpone it *sine die*?

DR. RITUALIST.—Your Grace, as we have dropped the "devil," I think we may safely leave "Hell" in abeyance. Some here present believe there is a hell; others hold it is temporal; while a number accept without modification its eternal duration. A temporal hell is nothing more nor less than the Roman purgatory. Are there any prelates here prepared to go as far as purgatory? [Loud cries of "No! No!" and applause.] Then, my dear brothers, let us content ourselves with the old fashioned hell. There is no more comforting thought than the alternative of heaven or hell. Those entirely devoid of sin go to heaven: those who die after having stained their lives with stealing an apple, for instance, go to hell. I think the men

who rejected purgatory were angels disguised in flesh, for, otherwise, I cannot conceive how mere men *could* deny the existence of purgatory. So, we should rejoice that the blessed Reform had such celestial and perfect guides, philosophers and friends. [Great applause.] What elevating inspiration must there not have been in Wittenberg beer and wanton *religieuse*?

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And now, alas! the hour for parting had come! With hearts filled with gratitude and joy for the triumphant termination of their herculean labors, the prelates seized each other's hands, with watery eyes, and interchanged congratulations over the result. A unanimous call was made upon his Grace of Canterbury to address a few farewell remarks to the dispersing dignitaries. Rising slowly and solemnly from his chair, he spoke thus:

"Dearly beloved champions of the Anglican Protestant Church as by law established! I greet ye well! The Lambeth Con--con--[here he sobbed] Conference is ended, and the Vat--vat--[sobs]--Vatican is an--ni--hi--hi--[sob]--lated! Bear with me, but my feelings--" [Here the whole assembly burst into tears, and set to mopping its eyes hysterically,--except Dr. MacGriggs, who is, I must say, an anomaly!] Such beautiful unanimity! Such brotherly love! Such an unequivocal display of sweet evangelical peace! Such satisfactory discussions! Oh! the memory of this glorious triumph can never be effaced from my mind! [Cheers.] Ah! Popery! how must you tremble this night in your gloomy dungeons of error! Do you not see the handwriting on the wall? The Medes and Persians,--in other words, ourselves,--have deprived you of empire, and, from this fatal hour, you will begin to tremble, totter, topple over and fall! [Enthusiastic applause.] The world is moved to its foundations; the roar of applauding voices goes up like the sound of many waters! Distant heathenism is mute, and idolatry cries out:--"Why do you torment me, O Lambeth!" The Isles of the Sea--the Coasts of Africa--the mountains of Japan--The golden banks

of the Ganges—the wilds where furious Arctic storms revel and howl—all, all stretch forth their arms and rejoicing sing:—

“And shall we long be left to roam  
Far from our godly Gospel home;  
Ah! no! for lo! our hearts rejoice,  
To hear great Lambeth’s glorious voice!  
There is our home of heavenly ease  
Let Papists say—ah!—what they please.”

[Tremendous cheers.] O thrice-to-be-blessed assemblage, which has furnished the whole earth with definite ideas and sober speculations! And shall I say that *we* did it? Away with such presumption! Where, then, shall I look for the chief agency in this result? Here—here—is the agent! [Holds up the Bible amid cheers.] Here is the secret of England’s success! Our high standard of morality—the conspicuous virtues which adorn the top and bottom of our social ladder—the absence of pauperism and our freedom from red-tape—the benign spirit of humanity which pervades our laws—the lovely sunshine of prosperity which floods this land—the marvellous absence of crime—the unity, precision and definiteness of our religious formulas—in short, the admirable favors we have been blessed with, which make us a bright and shining example to all the nations of the earth—all these things are due to our versatility of opinion and our noble variety in interpreting this book! [Cheers.] Can Rome show us anything like it? She claims authority; we don’t! The strongest proof of our union is that we are not united at all. We are all as one in our determination to hold to the privilege of Private Judgment, and, in this fact, lies, as I have said before, our glorious unanimity of dissent.

“Let us, therefore, one and all, make strenuous efforts to fan to fiercer flame the fire of enthusiasm which the wonderful success of this Lambeth Conference has enkindled in our bosoms! The eyes of all mankind are upon us. Millions, in the darkness of Popery, are awaiting with prayerful anxiety the conclusion of our work. Must we not rejoice that the hour of their deliverance is at hand? We must,—we must!

“And now, I have done! As it is near the hour of dinner I shall not detain you further than to wish you all the blessings that your heroic efforts deserve. The last farewell I shall speak after dinner, which, for the benefit of our Trans-Atlantic brothers, I announce, has been appointed for seven o’clock precisely. Those right reverend prelates who have brought their wives with them to the Council, will please invite them to dinner. The fair sex, you know, the fair sex must be recognized in church as well as in State. [Cheers and godly laughter.]

"Rev. Balaam Howler, D.D., one of my private Secretaries, will furnish an exact account of this Council of Lambeth, which is hereby closed *sine die*." [Great cheering.]

And thus ended this important Conference, to the satisfaction of all concerned, and to the eternal confusion of Rome and her benighted myrmidons!

Let me quote a few words of Cicero, for I know that Popish emissaries will attempt to destroy me: "*Ne homines scelerata ac nefaria mihi noceant, vestrum est providere!*" Take you care that rascals may not give me a taste of the blackthorn!

B. II.

ACTUM EST DE CONCILIO.—THE JIG IS UP.

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